



Junii 12, 1677.

IMPRIMATUR,

HEN. CLERKE,

Vice-Cancellarius Oxon.

SONGS,

FOR

ONE, TWO & THREE VOICES

TO THE THOROV-BASS.

With some Short SYMPHONIES.

COLLECTED

Out of some of the Select Poems of the Incomparable

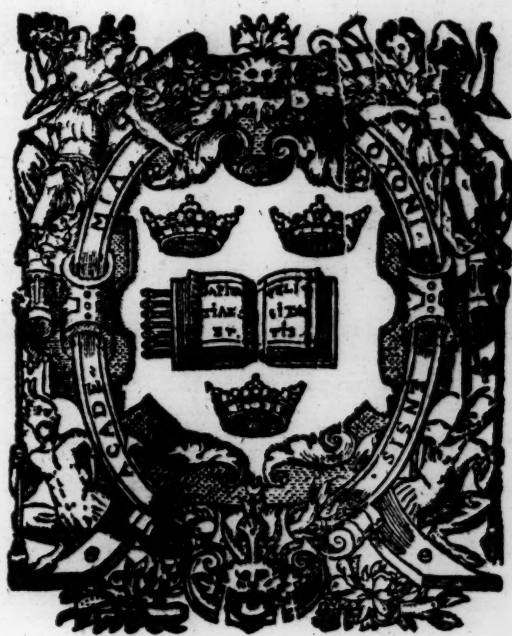
Mr. COWLEY, and Others :

AND

COMPOSED

BY

HENRY BOWMAN, Philo-Musicus.



OXFORD,

Printed, and are to be sold by THOMAS BOWMAN Bookseller Anno Dom, 1678.

Mus. 14. c. 2.

FOR

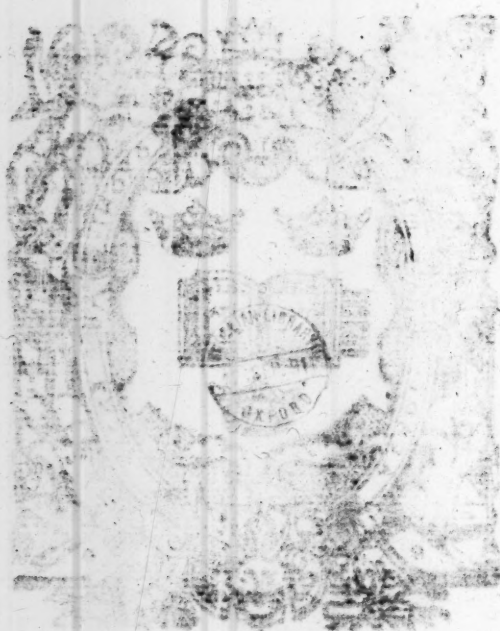
ONE, TWO & THREE VOICES
TO THE THORNTON

COLLECTED

From the School of the Holy Trinity
and others

COMPOSED

BY
HENRY ROWLAND, Philo-Musicus



OXFORD

Printed and sold by T. W. B. at the ...



To all true Lovers of MUSICK.



WHILST the Press almost in every Art and Science daily Teems with New Productions, I humbly presume your truly Generous (because Harmonious) Souls will at least incline you to excuse, if not accept this my first Essay in Musick; a Science no less Liberal, then the rest, though not so generally encourag'd in this Age, as formerly.

'Tis true, some few of the Verses have been Compos'd by others, partly before, and partly since I undertook them; but that being either unknown to me, or done onely in Single Parts, I could not but so farr gratifie those Friends, who put them into my hands, as to contrive them together with the rest, hitherto Compos'd by none, to be Sung by One, Two, or Three Voyces, to a Thorow Bass, with some short Symphonies, all which (to render the Notes more acceptable) you have here Printed off from Copper Plates, and therefore I do not doubt their Pardon.

Please you (Sirs) but to Excuse and Correct what Errata's you meet with in this first Impression (which I hope you will not find numerous) and I shall not fail to save you that trouble in my next, who am

Your most Obliged and
Affectionate Servant

H. B.

Violino primo

Ritornello.

Bassus.

Returnello.

Awake awake awake my Lyre & tel thy silent Masters humble

tale in sounds that may prevail such sounds as gentle thoughts inspire.

Though so exalted shee & I so lowly be tel her

such different Notes make all thy Harmonie.

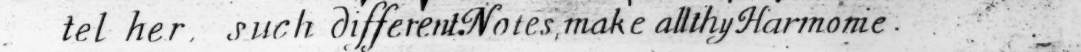
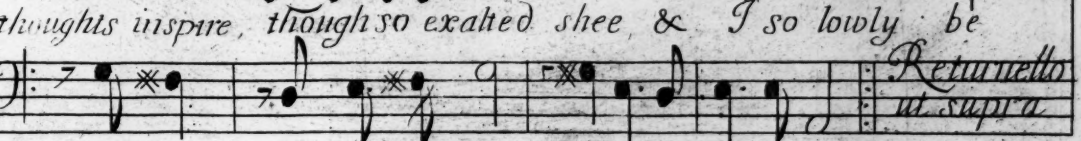
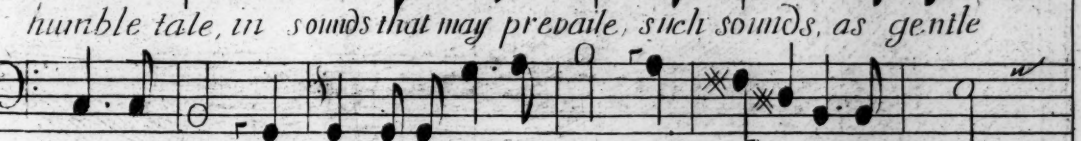
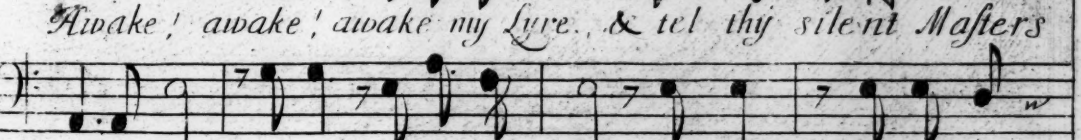
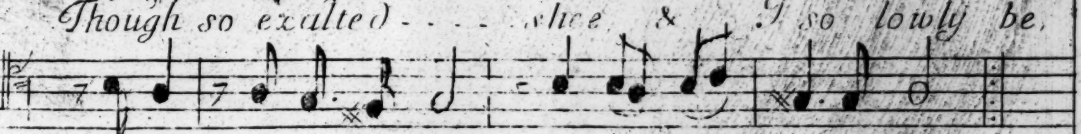
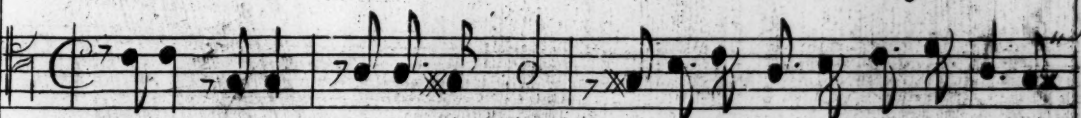
Ritornello
repetatur
ut supra.

76

4 3

Violino secundo.

2



Awake! awake! awake my Lyre, & tel thy silent Masters humble

tale, in sounds that may prevaile, such sounds as gentle thoughts inspire

Though so exalted - - - shee & I so lowly be,

tel her, such different Notes, make all thy Harmonie.

Awake! awake! awake my Lyre, & tel thy silent Masters

humble tale, in sounds that may prevaile, such sounds, as gentle

thoughts inspire, though so exalted shee & I so lowly be

tel her, such different Notes, make all thy Harmonie.

*Ritornello
ut supra*

Cantus primus.

Hark, hark, how the strings awake! & though the moving hand approach not near
 themselves, with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make Now all thy
 forces try, now all thy Charms apply, revenge upon her. - ear

Riturnello
 the Conquest of her eye. repetatur Weak Lyre -
ut supra

thy Vertue sure is useles here, since thou art only found to cure, but not to
 wound, & shee to wound but not to Cure. to weak too wilt thou prove, my passion

Riturnello
 to remove, Physick to other IIs, thou'rt Nourishment to Loue. repetatur
ut supra

Cantus secundus.

4

Hark! hark! how the strings awake, & though the moving hand approach not
near, themselves with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make,
Now all thy forces try, now all thy Chaires apply, revenge
upon her ear, the Conquest of her eye. *Returnello ut supra*
Weak Lyre weak Lyre, thy vertue sure is useles here, since thou art only found
to Cure, but not to mounde, & shee to wound, but not to Cure, to weak to wilt thou
prove, my passion to remove. Physick to other IIs, thaurt nourishment to Love.
Hark! hark how y^e strings awake, & though y^e moving hand approach not near,
themselves with awfull fear, a kind of numerous trembling make: Now all thy
forces try, now all thy Charms apply, revenge upon her ear the Conquest
of her Eye. *Returnello ut supra* Weak Lyre, thy vertue
sure is useles here, since thou art only found to Cure, but not to wound,
& shee to wound but not to Cure, to weak too wilt thou prove, my passion to re-
move, Physick to other IIs, thour nourishment to Love. *Returnello ut supra*

Cantus primus.

Sleep, sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tel my humble tale, in
 sounds y^e may prevaile, nor gentle thoughts in her inspire. All thy vain
 Mirth lay by, bid thy strings silent ly, sleep sleep again my Lyre,
 and let thy Master dye. *Retornello* A dieu my Cor
 ut supra: nelia, my dearest adieu, no passion more slighted was ever so true, No
 torment severer then this could you prove, to enjoyn him to absenee y^e chained by your Loue.

Subdud by your Charms, you enflam'd my desire,
 Till a spark from your eye, set my heart all on fire,
 O Cruelty shown, no offence but Loue known,
 Exild & outlawd, by a hard heart of stone.

Cantus secundus.

6

Sleep sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tel my humble tale, in
 sounds that may prevaile, nor gentle thoughts in her inspire, All thy vain
 Mirth lay by, bid thy strings silent lye, sleep sleep again my Lyre, and
 let thy Master dye. *Returnello ut supra.* *Bassus.*

Sleep sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tel my humble
 tale, in sounds that may prevaile, nor gentle thoughts in her inspire,
 All thy vain Mirth lay by, bid thy strings silent lye, sleep sleep a
 gain my Lyre, and let thy Master dye. *Returnello ut supra.*

Cantus secundus.

Adieu my Cornelia my dearest adieu, no passion more slighted was
 ever more true. No torment severer then this could you prove to enjoin him to
 absence, y^e chaind by your Love. *Bassus* Adieu my Cornelia my
 dearest adieu, no passion more slighted was ever more true. No torment se-
 verer then this could you prove to enjoin him to absence, y^e chaind by your Love.

Cantus primus.

Ah Celia that I were but sure, thy Love like mine could stil endure,
 that time & absence ^{ch} destroy, the cares of Lovers & their Joy,
 could neper rob me of that part, w^{ch} you have giv'n me of your heart.
 Others unwor'd might possess, whole hearts & boast that happi-
 ness, twas nobler fortune to divide, the Roman Empire in her
 pride, then on some low & barbrous Throne, obscurely
 plac'd to rule alone.

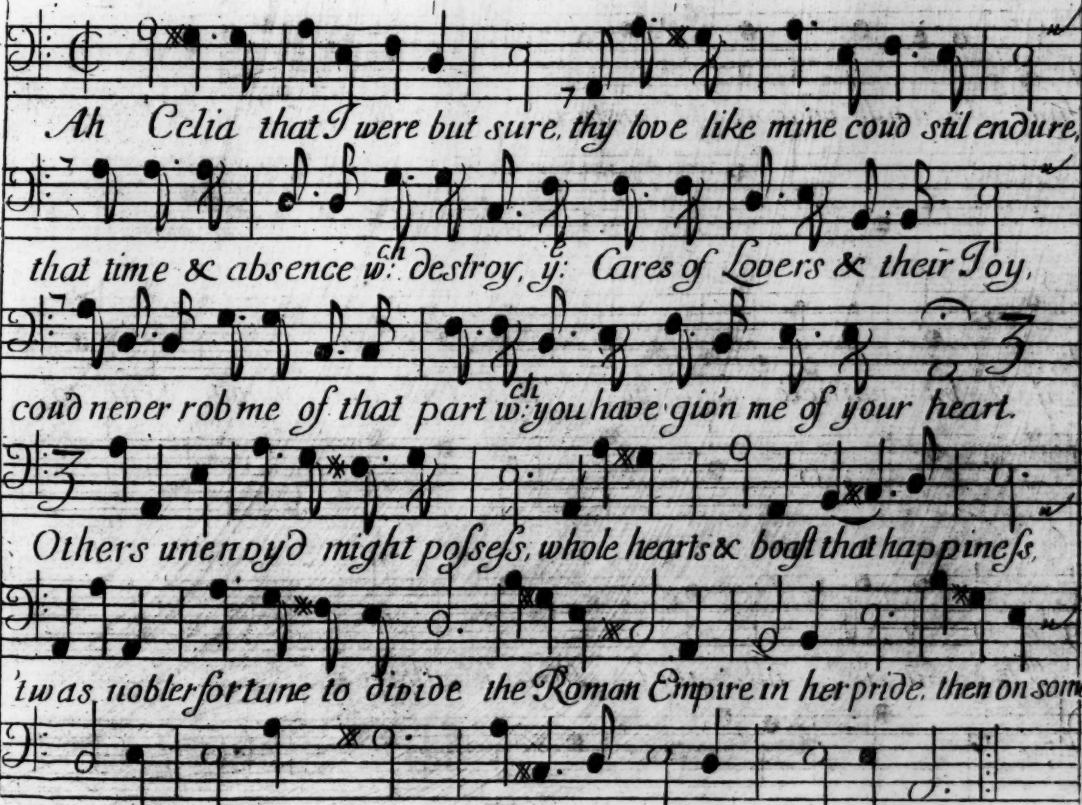
Cantus secundus.

8

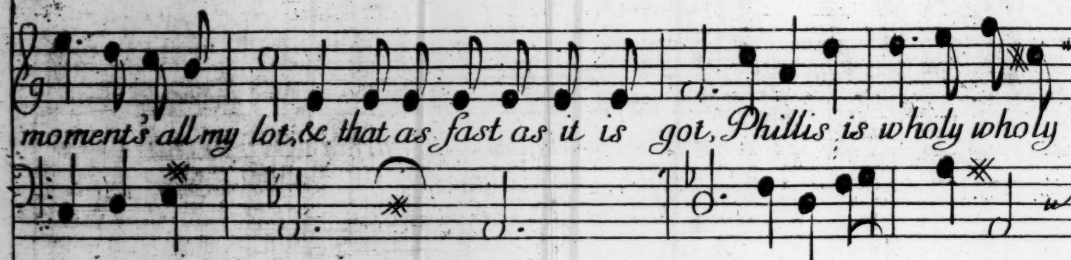
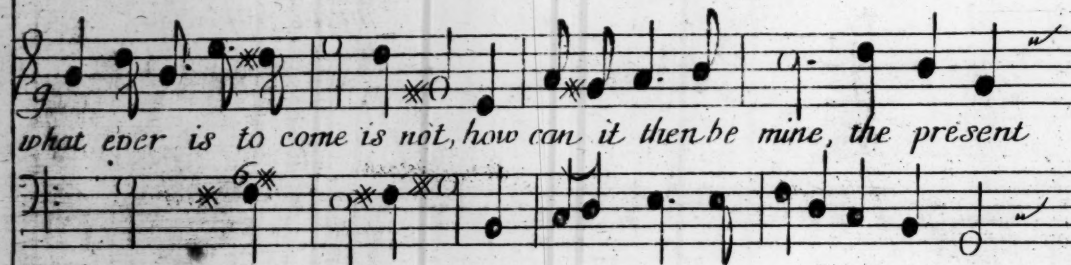
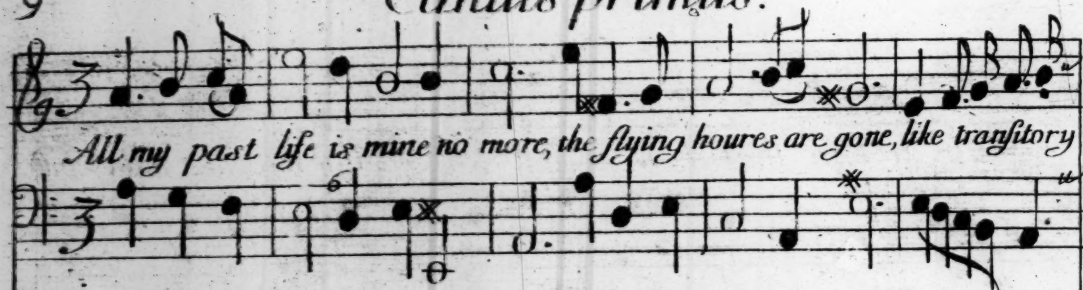


Ah Celia that I were but sure, thy love like mine could
still endure, that time & absence w^{ch} destroy, y^e Cares of
Lovers, and their Joy, could never rob me of that part w^{ch} you have
giv'n me of your heart. Others unenjoy'd might possess,
whole hearts & boast that hap- pi-ness; 't was nobler
fortune to divide, the Roman Empire in her pride,
then on some low & barb'rous Throne, obscurely plac'd to rule alone.

Bassus.



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Cantus primus.

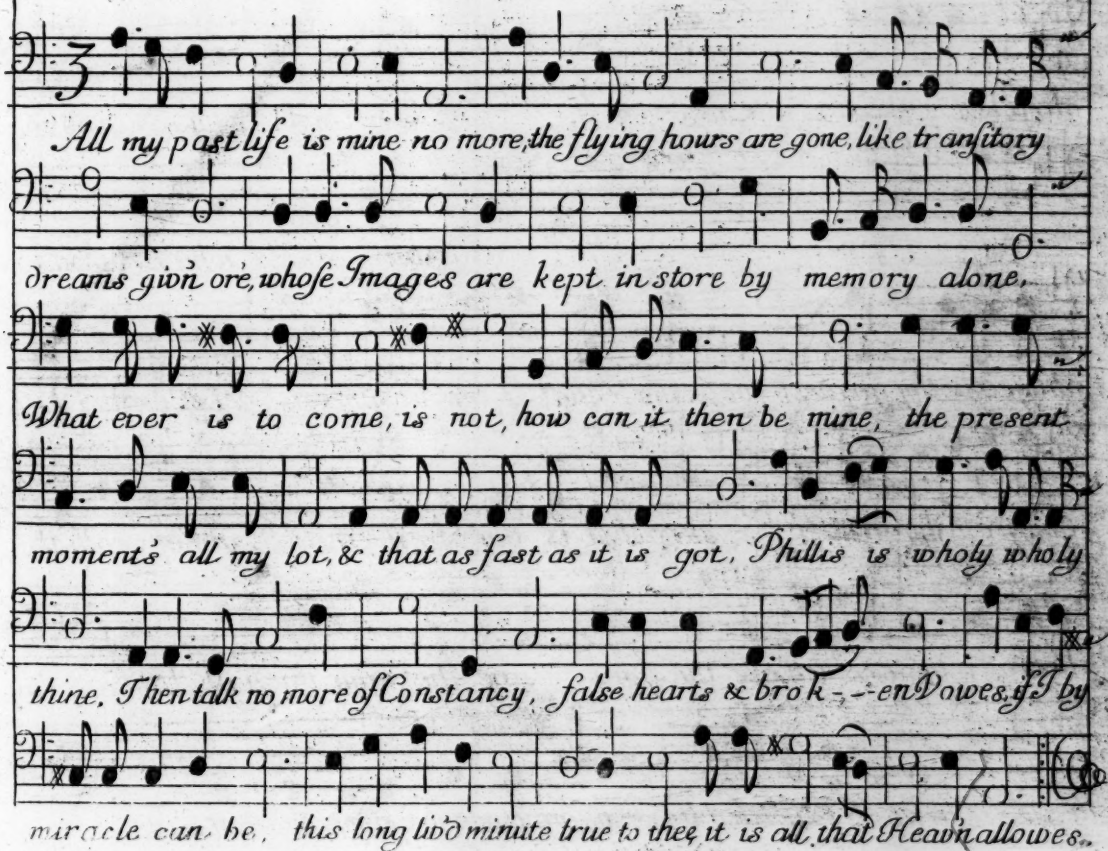
Cantus secundus.

10



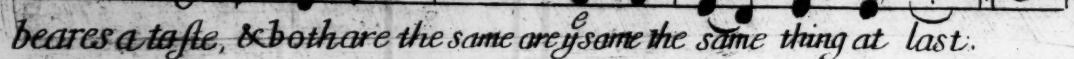
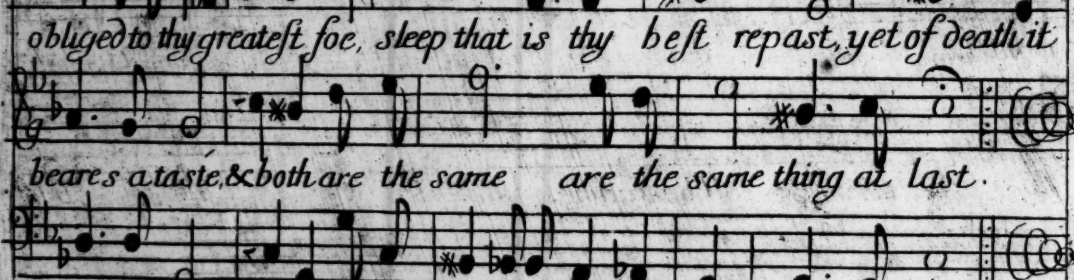
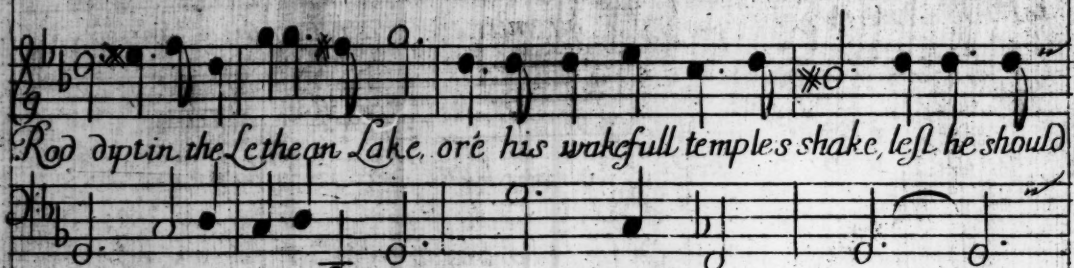
*All my past life is mine no more, the flying hours are gone,
like transi-tory dreams giv'n ore, whose Images are kept in store by
memory alone. what ever is to come is not, how can it then be
mine, the present moment's all my lot, & that as fast as it is
got, Phillis is wholly wholly thine. Then talk no more of Constancy,
false hearts & broken Vowes, if I by miracle can be, this long liv'd
minute true to Thee, it is all that Heav'n allowes.*

Bassus.



*All my past life is mine no more, the flying hours are gone, like transitory
dreams giv'n ore, whose Images are kept in store by memory alone.
What ever is to come, is not, how can it then be mine, the present
moment's all my lot, & that as fast as it is got, Phillis is wholly wholly
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miracle can be, this long liv'd minute true to thee it is all that Heav'n allowes.*

Cantus primus.



Cantus secundus

12

Morpheus the humble God that dwells, in Cottages & smoaky Cells, hates gilded
 roofs & beds of down, & though he feares no Princes frown, flies from y^e Circle
 of a Crown: Come I say come I say thou powerfull God, & thy leaden charming
 Rod, dipt in the Lethæan Lake, ore his wakefull temples shake, lest he should
 sleep, lest he should sleep & never wake; Nature (alass) why art thou so,
 obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep y^e is thy best repast yet of death it beares a taste
 & both are the same are the same the same thing at last.


Morpheus the humble God y^e dwells, in Cottages & smoaky Cells, hates gilded roofs &
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 obliged to thy greatest foe, sleep that is thy best repast, yet of death it
 beares a taste and both are the same are the same the same thing at last.

Cantus primus.

Long have I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in
 Cities or in private Cells, in Courts in Cities or in private Cells,
 But Courts I found were filld with empty ayre, Cities with noyse, and
 private Cells with care, Content I thought in honours seat might stay,
 but that high Prospect made it speed away, Lowneſſ breeds Joy but tottering
 hights breed fear, where earth ſeems diſtant but y^e danger near, I thought y^e
 Rich this Jewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did his delights deſtroy;

Cantus secundus

14



Long have I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in Cities or in
 private Cells, in Courts in Cities or in private Cells: But Courts I found were
 fill'd wth empty ayre, Cities wth noyse, & private Cells wth care. Content I thought in
 honour's seat might stay, but that high Prospect made it speed a way.
 Lowneſſe breeds Joy, but tottering heights breed fear, where earth seems distant but y^e
 danger near, I thought y^e Rich this Jewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did
 Content is pure, too pure with dross to mix,
 Nothing but Soul, this Soul of life can fix:
 At length to Books I thought it might retreat,
 But books did onely doubts and strifes beget.
 In vain I toyl'd & look'd for welcome rest,
 Till last I sought it in a nobler Breast,
 There I did honour, virtue, friendship find.
 Chains that are soft yet doe most strongly bind.
 Whilst Amarillis doth that breast secure,
 I can the Croſſes of my fate endure:



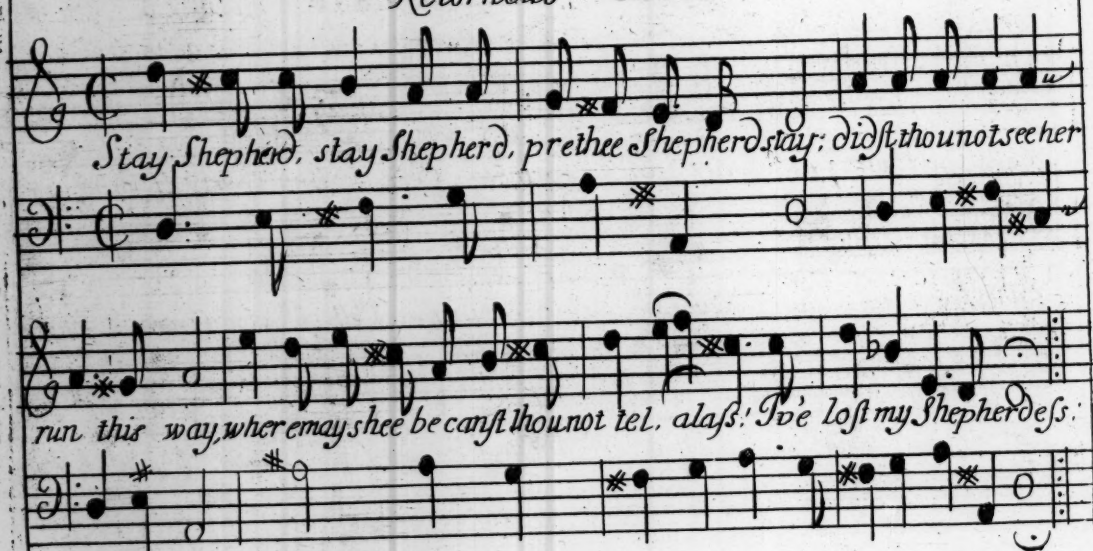
Long have I sought where true Contentment dwells, in Courts in Cities or in private
 Cells, in Courts in Cities or in private Cells, But Courts I found were
 fill'd wth empty ayre. Cities wth noyse, & private Cells wth care. Content I thought
 honour's seat might stay, but that high Prospect made it speed away. Lowneſſe breeds
 Joy but tottering heights breed fear, where earth seems distant but y^e danger near.
 I thought the Rich this Jewell might enjoy, but loads of earth did his delights destroy:

Violino primo:

15



Cantus primus
Retornello tacet.



Retornello repetatur.

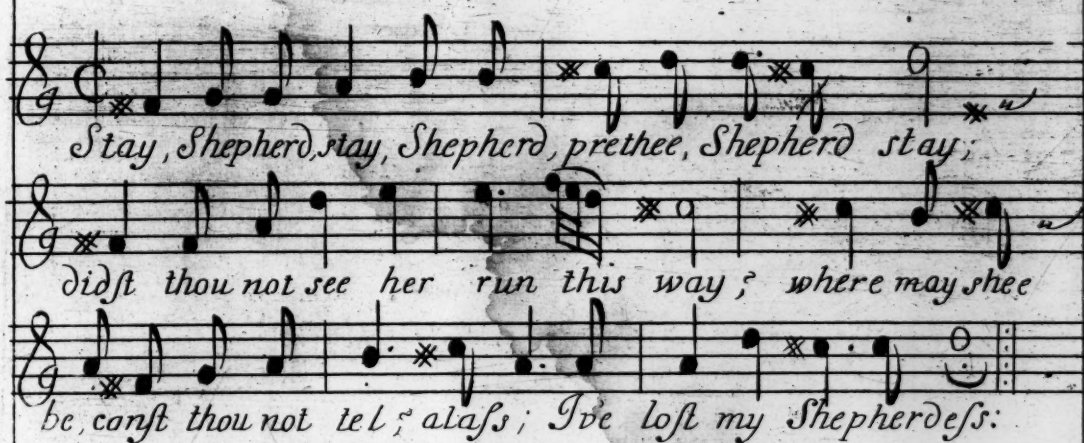
Violino secundo.

16



Cantus secundus.

Ritornello tacet.



Bassus:



*Ritornello repetatur
ut supra.*

Cantus primus.

I fear some Satyr has betrayd, my pretty pretty Lamb onto the

shade, then woe is me for I'm undone, for in the shade shee was my Sun

Retornello ut supra In summer heat, were shee not seen, no soli =

tary Vale was green, the blooming Hills, the downy me-ads,

bear not a flower, but where shee treads; Retornello ut supra. Hush were y:

sensless Trees when shee sate but to keep them Company, the Silver streams

swell'd with pride, when shee sate singing, when shee sate singing by their side

Cantus secundus.

*I fear some Satyr has betrayd, my pretty pretty Lamb onto the shade
then woe is me, for I'm undone, for in the shade, for in the shade she
was my Sun: *Ritornello ut supra* In Summer heat were shee not seen, no soli-
tary Vale was green, y^e blooming hills, y^e downy meads bear not a flower but
where shee treads: *Ritornello ut supra* Hush'd were y^e senseless Trees, when shee sate but to
keep them company, the Silver streams were swell'd wth pride, when shee sate singing,
when shee sate singing by their side: *Ritornello ut supra**

Bassus

*I fear some Satyr has betrayd, my pretty pretty Lamb onto the shade, then
woe is me for I'm undone, for in the shade, for in the shade shee was my Sun:
In Summer heat were shee not seen, no solitary Vale was green
the blooming Hills, y^e downy meads, bear not a flower but where shee treads;
Hush'd were the senseless Trees, when shee sate but to keep them company, the Silver
Streams were swell'd wth pride, when shee sate singing, when shee sate singing by their side:*

Cantus primus

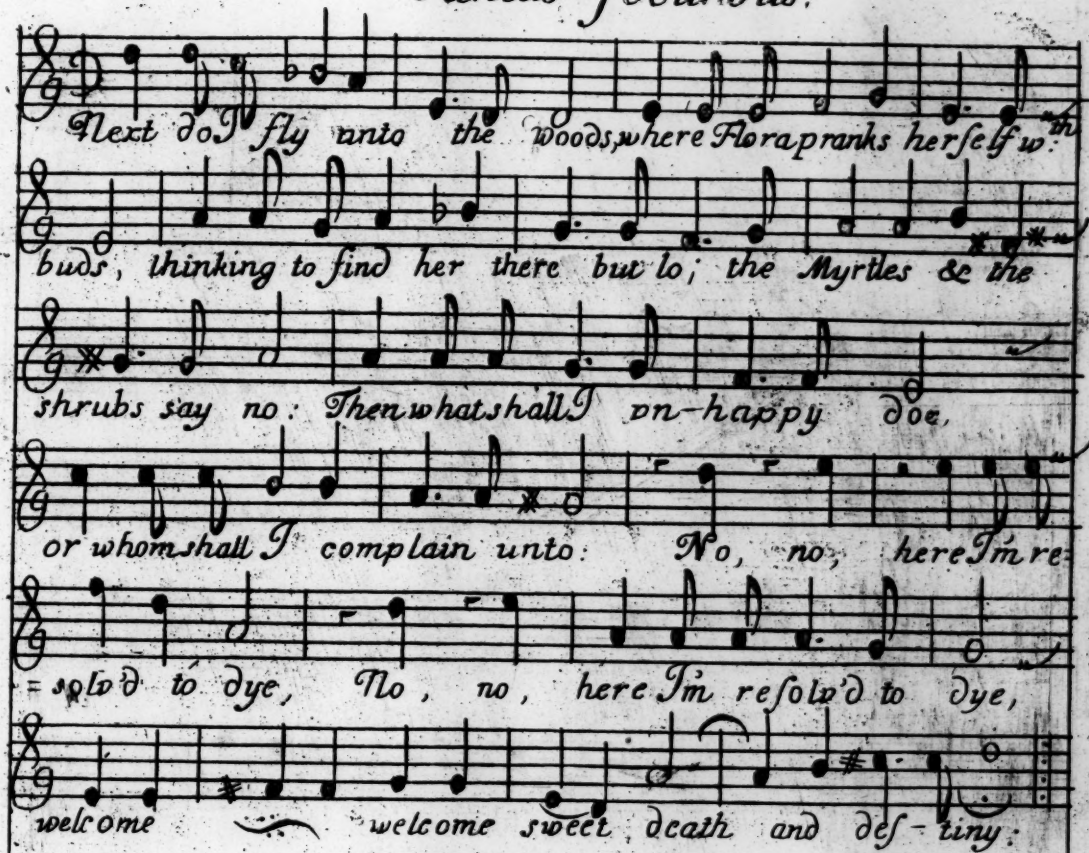
Ritornello ut supra

Next do I fly unto the Woods, where Flora
 pranks her self with buds, thinking to find her there, but lo, the
 Myrtles and the Shrubs say no, Then what shall I unhappy doe,
 or whome shal I complain unto, no, no, here, I'm re-
 =solv'd to dye, No, no, no, here I'm resolv'd to
 dye, welcome, welcome ://: sweet death, and
 desti - - ny:

*Ritornello
 repetatur
 ut supra.*

Cantus secundus.

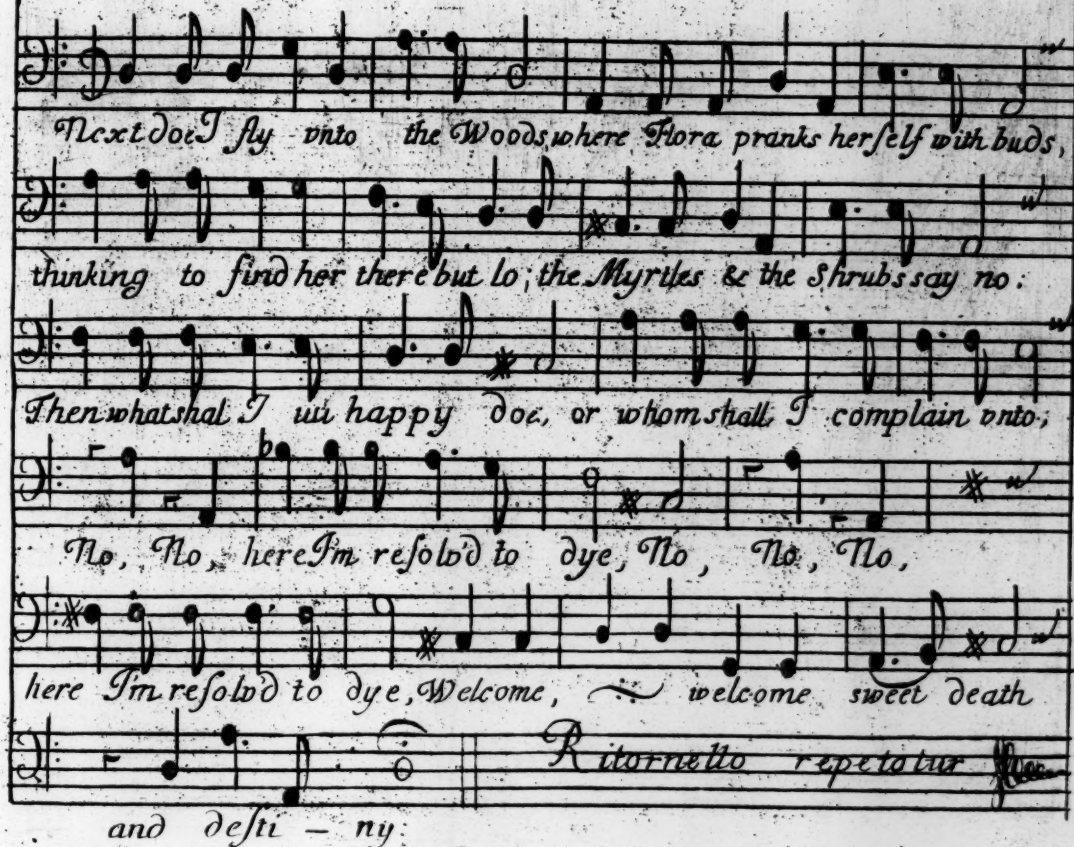
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Next doe I fly unto the Woods, where Flora pranks herself wth
 buds, thinking to find her there but lo; the Myrtles & the
 shrubs say no: Then what shall I vn-happy doe,
 or whom shall I complain unto: No, no, here I'm re-
 = solvd to dye, No, no, here I'm resolv'd to dye,
 welcome welcome sweet death and des- tiny:

Ritornello repetatur.

Bassus.



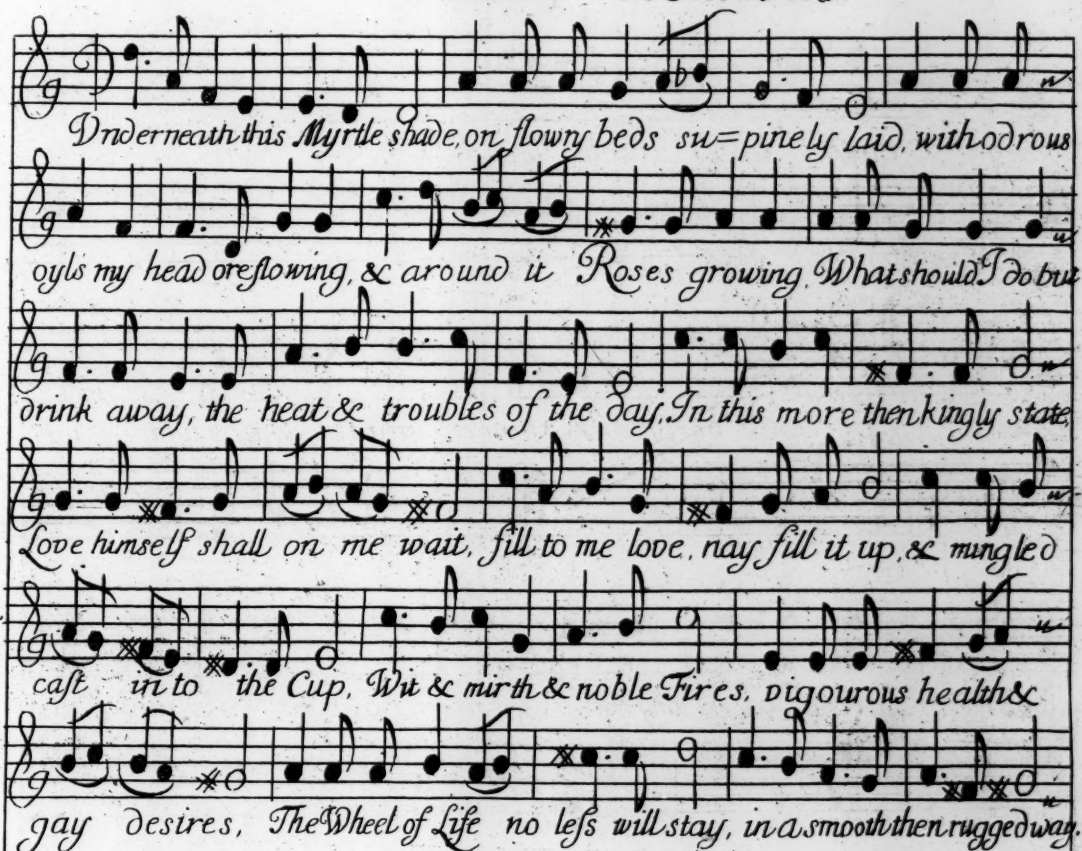
Next doe I fly unto the Woods, where Flora pranks herself with buds,
 thinking to find her there but lo; the Myrtles & the Shrubs say no:
 Then whatshal I ui happy doe, or whom shall I complain unto;
 No, No, here I'm resolv'd to dye, No, No, No,
 here I'm resolv'd to dye, Welcome, welcome sweet death
Ritornello repetatur
 and des- ti - ny:

Cantus primus

Underneath this Myrtle shade, on flowry beds supinely laid,
with odorous oyls my head oreflowing, & around it Roses growing
what shall I do but drink away, the heat & troubles of the day,
In this more then Kingly state, Love himselfe shall on me wait,
Fill to me Love, nay fill it up, & mingled cast in to the
Cup, Wit & Mirth & noble fires, vigorous Health & gay de-
sires, The Wheel of life no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way.

Cantus secundus.

22



Underneath this Myrtle shade, on flowry beds supinely laid, with odorous
oils my head ore flowing, & around it Roses growing. What should I do but
drink away, the heat & troubles of the day. In this more then kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait, fill to me love, nay fill it up, & mingled
cast in to the Cup, Wit & mirth & noble Fires, vigourous health &
gay desires, The Wheel of Life no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way.

Bassus.



Underneath this Myrtle shade, on flowry beds supinely laid,
with odorous oils my head ore flowing, & around it Roses growing.
What should I do but drink away, the heat & troubles of the day
In this more then Kingly state, Love himself shal on me wait fill
me Love, nay fill it up, & mingled cast in to the Cup, Wit &
Mirth & noble Fires, vigourous health & gay desires. The Wheel of
Life, no less will stay, in a smooth then rugged way.

Cantus primus.

Since it equal - ly doth flee, let the motion pleasant be

Why do we precious oynments shower? nobler wines why do we

pour? beauteous flowers why do we spread, upon the Monuments

of the dead? Nothing they but dust can shew, or bones y^t hasten

to be so. Crown me with Roses whilst I live, now your

wine & oynments give, after death, after death, I nothing crave, let me a

live, my pleasures have all are Stoicks in the Graue.

Cantus secundus



Since it equal-ly doth flee, let the Motion pleasant be,
 Why do we precious oynments shower, noble Wines why do we power,
 beauteous flowers why do we spread, vpon the Monuments of the dead,
 nothing they but dust can show, or bones that hasten to be so;
 Crown me with Roses whilst I live, now your Wine & Oynments giue,
 after death, after death, I nothing craue, let me aloue my pleasures haue,
 all are Stoicks - - in the Graue.

Bassus



Since it equally doth flee, let the Motion pleasant be, Why do we
 precious Oynments shower, noble Wines why do we power, beauteous flowers why
 do we spread, vpon the Monuments of the dead, Nothing they but dust can
 show, or bones that hasten to be so. Crown me with Roses whilst I
 live, now your wine & Oynments giue, after Death after Death I
 nothing craue, let me aloue my pleasures haue, all are stoicks in the Graue.

Cantus primus.

Thou art so fair & cruel too, I am amazed what I shall

do, to compass my desire. Sometimes thy eyes, do me invite, but

when I venture, kill me quite, yet still encrease my fire.

Oft have I tryd my loue to quell,
And thought its fury to repell.

Since I no hopes can find,
But when I thinke of leaving thee,
My heart as much doth torture me,
As't would rejoyce if kind.

Ritornello


Viotino secundo.

When shall arise the day,

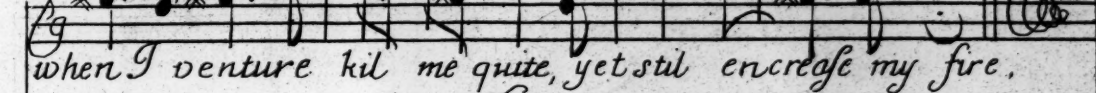
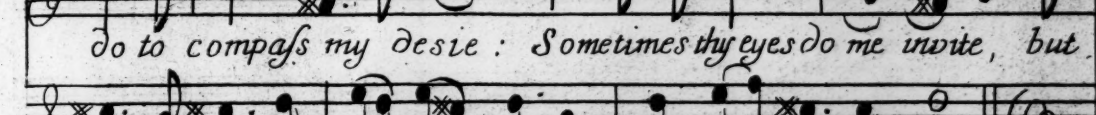
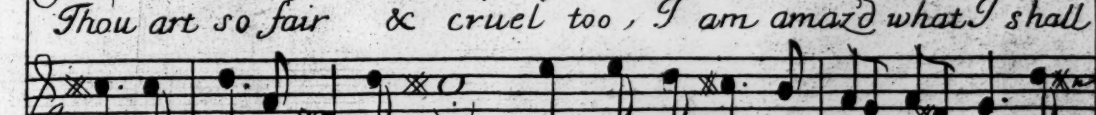
Bassus *Ritornello.*

Cantus secundus.

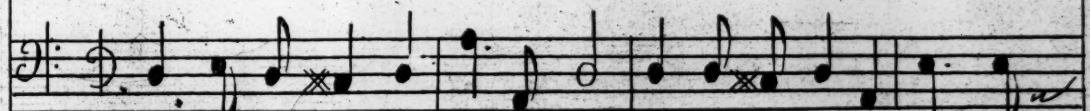
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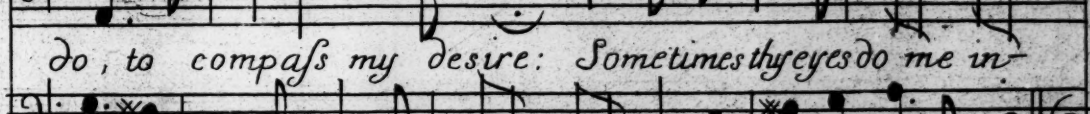
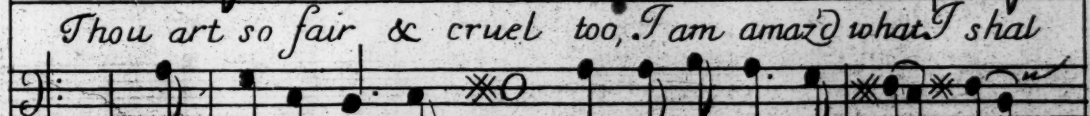
Thou art so fair & cruel too, I am amaz'd what I shall
do to compass my desie: Sometimes thy eyes do me invite, but
when I venture kil me quite, yet stil encrease my fire.



Bassus.

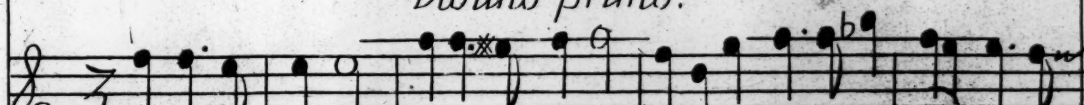


Thou art so fair & cruel too, I am amaz'd what I shal
do, to compass my desire: Sometimes thy eyes do me in-
-vite, but when I venture kil me quite, yet stil encrease my fire.

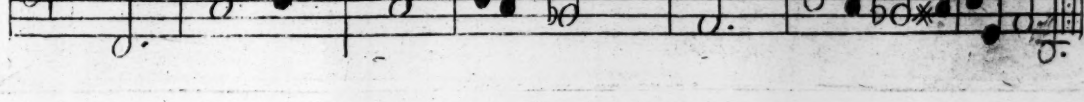



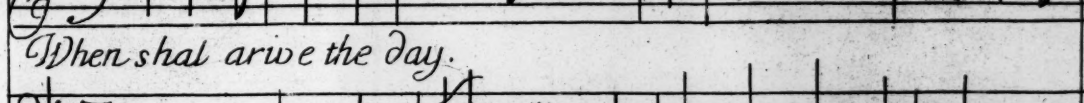


*I stil must loue though hardly usd,
And never offer but refusd,
Can any suffer more:
Be coy be cruel do thy worst,
Though for thy sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.*

Ritornello
Violino primo.



When shal arive the day.



Cantus primus.

When shall arise the day, that must my life & sorrow terminate,
 that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddess of all humane state,
 her Cruelty full-filling by one kind death thus make an
 end of killing: When shall my troubled years, be to a
 verdant Grave of flowers restord, my injuries my
 fears, too little merited too much deplored when shall my
 just complaint from equall Heav'n receive a full restraint.

Ritornello
repetatur
ut supra.

Cantus secundus.


28



When shall arise the day, that must my life & sorrow termi-
 =nate, that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddess of all
 humane state, her Cruelty full-filling, by one kind Death, thus
 make an end of killing: When shall my troubled years, be to a
 verdent Grave of flowers restor'd, my injuries my fears, too little
 merited too much deplor'd, when shall my just complaint from
 equall Heav'n receive a full restraint.

Ritornello ut supra.

Bassus.

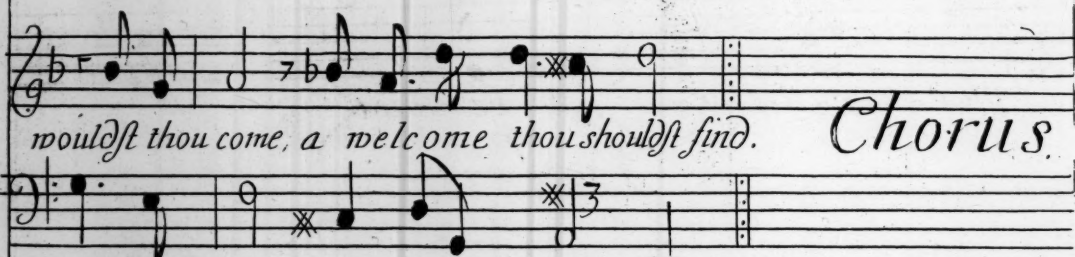
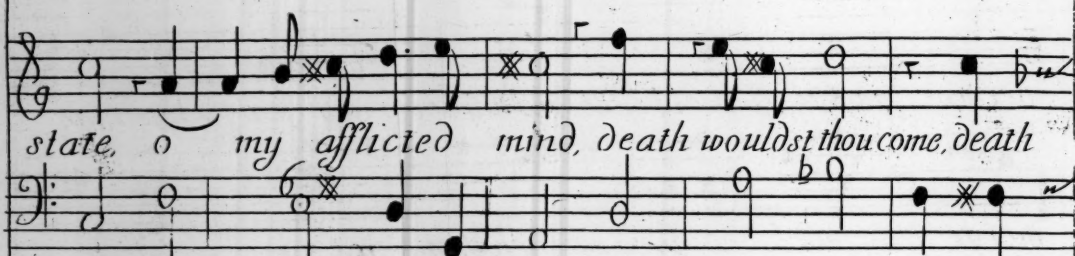
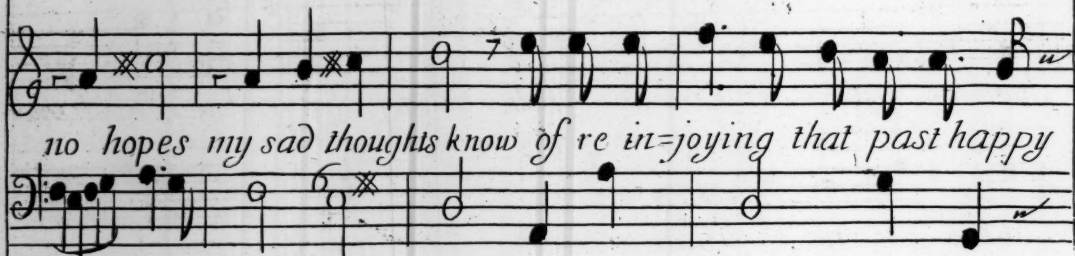
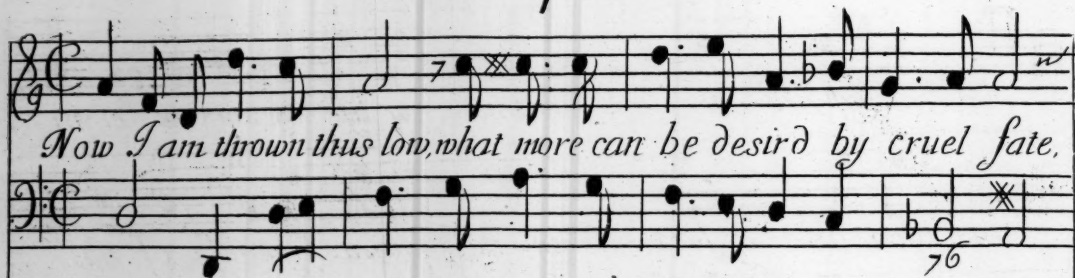


When shall arise the day, that must my life & sorrow terminate,
 that angry fortune may, the Tyrant Goddess of all humane state
 her cruelty full-filling, by one kind Death thus make an end of
 killing: When shall my troubled years be to a verdent Grave of flowers re-
 =stor'd, my injuries my fears, too little merited too much deplor'd,
 when shall my just complaint of equall Heav'n receive a full restraint.

Ritornello ut supra.

Cantus primus.

29



Cantus secundus.

Now I am thrown thus low, what more can be desired by cruel
fate, no hopes my sad thoughts know, of rein-joy-ing
that past happy state, o my afflicted mind Death
Death wouldst thou come, come, wouldst thou come, a welcome thou shouldst find.

Now I am thrown thus low, what more can be desired by cruel
fate, no hopes my sad thoughts know, of rein-joy-ing that past
happy state, o my afflicted mind, Death wouldst thou come,
Chorus
Death Death wouldst thou come, a welcome thou shouldst find.

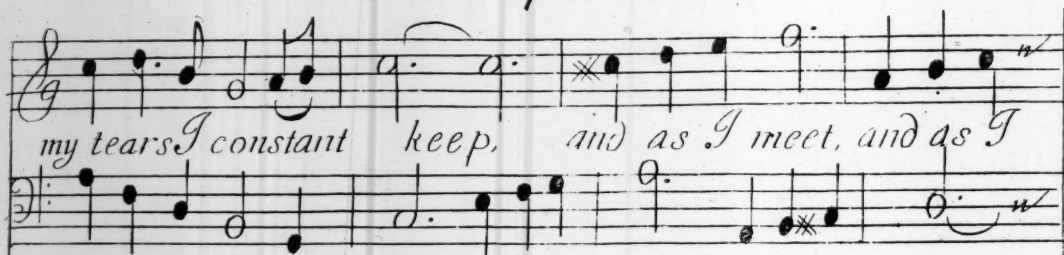
Violino secundo.

Chorus

With patience quite forlorn, I pass the years & Months in solitude,
the evening & the morn, by them my hopes still striving to delude,
With patience quite forlorn, I pass the years & Months in solitude,
the evening & the morn, by them my hopes still striving to delude

Cantus primus.

31



my tears I constant keep, and as I meet, and as I



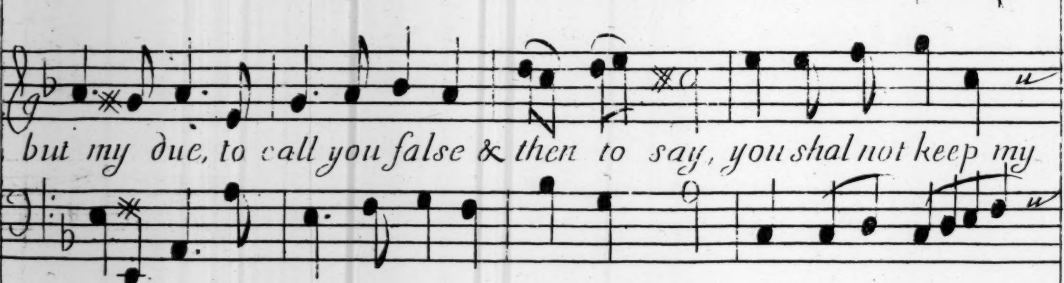
meet, Aurora dayly weep. *Ritornello*
ut supra.



Violino primo. *Ritornello*
ut supra.



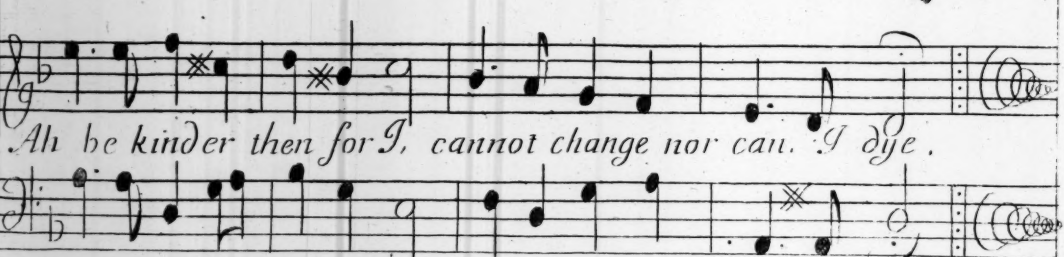
Give me leave to raile at you, I ask nothing



but my due, to call you false & then to say, you shal not keep my



heart a day, but alas against my Will, I must be your Captiue still,



Ah be kinder then for I, cannot change nor can. I dye.

Cantus secundus

my tears I constant keep, & as I meet, & as I meet. Au-
Ritornello
 ut supra.

= rora dayly weep.
 my tears I constant keep, & as I meet, & as I meet. Au-
Ritornello
 ut supra.

= rora dayly weep.
Violino secundo.
Ritornello
 ut supra.

Give me leave to raile at you, I ask nothing but my^{*} due, to
 call you false & then to say, you shal not keep my heart a day,
 but alas against my Will, I must be your Captive still,
 ah be kinder then for I, cannot change nor can I dye.

Give me leave to rail at you, I ask nothing but my
 due, to call you false & then to say, you shal not keep my heart
 day, but alas against my will, I must be your Captive still,
 ah be kinder then for I, cannot change nor can I dye.

Cantus primus

Cast Clarissa, cast Clarissa, cast that glasse away,
 nor in its Cristal face thine owne survey, what can be
 free from Loves imperious lawes, when painted shaddowes reall
 fla -- mes can cause, the fires may burn thee, w^{ch} from y^r mirrour
 rise, by the reflected Beames of thine owne eyes, & so at length
 faln with thy selfe in Love, thou mayst my Rival,
 thou mayst my Rival, thou thine own Martyr prove

Cantus secundus.

34

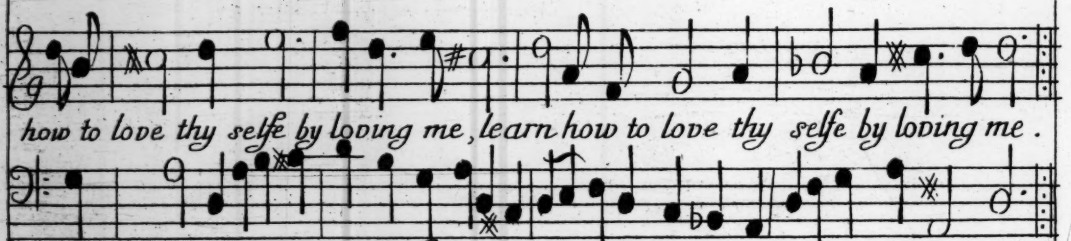
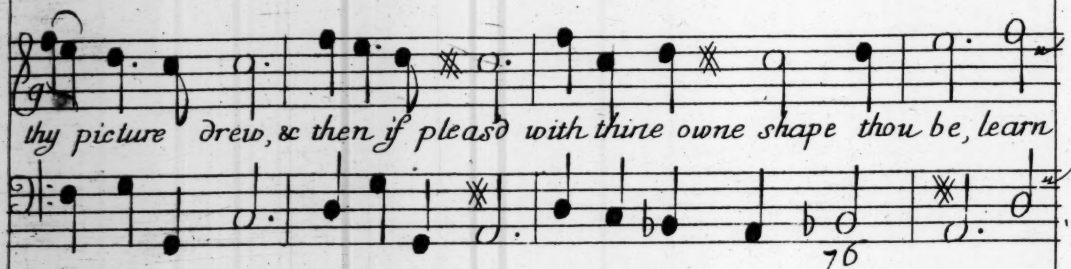
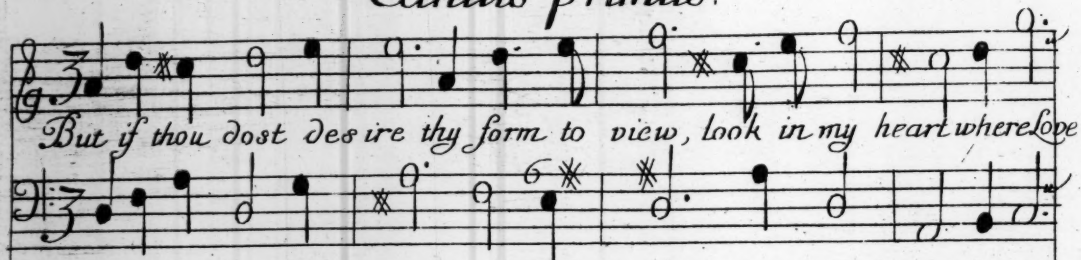
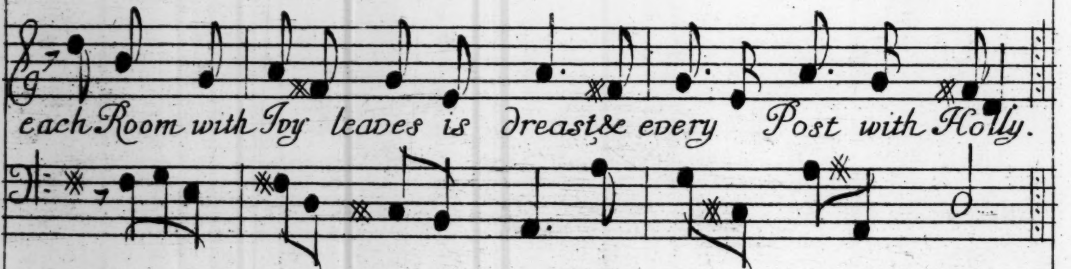
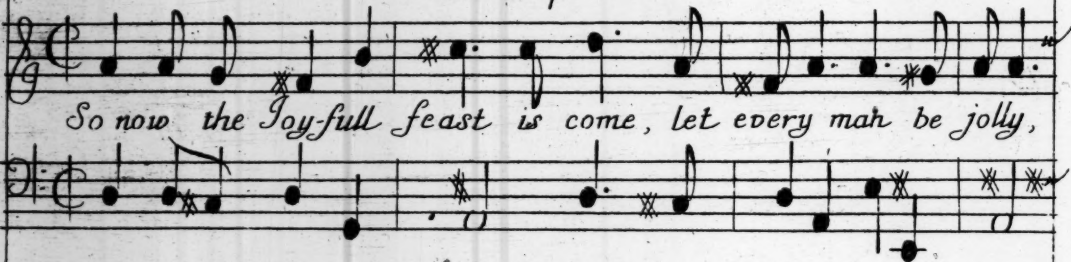


Cast Clarissa, cast that glasse away, nor in its Cristall
 Cristall face thine owne survey, what can be free what can be
 free from loves Imperious Lawes, when painted shaddowes reall
 fla...mes can cause: the fires may burn thee wth from y^e mirrour
 rise by the reflected Beams of thine owne eyes, & so at length
 faln with thy self in Love. thou mayst my Rival thou mayst my
 Rival thou mast my Rival thine owne Martyr prove.

Bassus.



Cast Clarissa cast y^e glasse away, nor in its Cristall face thine
 owne survey, what can be free from loves Imperious Lawes, when painted
 shaddowes reall fla...mes can cause: the fires may burn thee
 may burn thee wth from that mirrour rise, by y^e reflected beams reflected
 Beams of thine owne eyes, & so at length faln with thy self in Love.
 thou mayst my Rival thou mayst ~ thou ~ thine owne Martyr prove

Cantus primus.*Cantus primus.*

Cantus secundus.

36



But if thou dost desire thy form to view, look in my heart where Love
thy picture drew, & then if pleas'd with thine owne shape thou be,
learn how to love thy selfe by loving me. learn how by loving me:
But if thou dost desire thy form to view, look in my heart where Love
thy picture drew, & then if pleas'd with thine owne shape thou be, learn how to
love thy self by loving me. learn how to love thy self by loving me.
So now the Joyfull feast is come, let every man be jolly,
each Room with Ivy leaves is drest, & every Post with Holly,
Though some Churles at our Mirth repine, round our foreheads Garlands
twine, drown sorrow in a Cup of Wine, & let us all be merry;
So now the joyfull feast is come, let every man be jolly,
each Room wth Ivy leaves is drest, & every Post with Holly,
Though some Churles at our Mirth repine, round our foreheads Garlands
twine, drown Sorrow in a Cup of Wine & let us all be merry;

Cantus primus

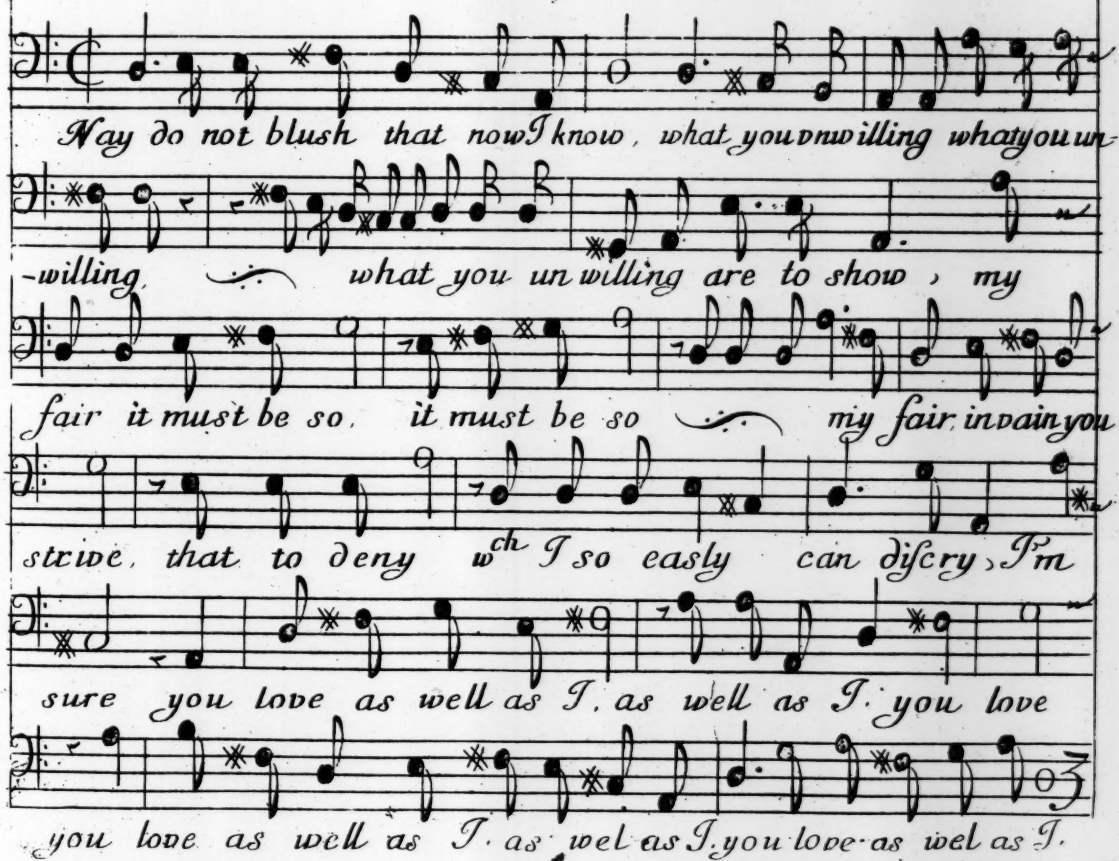
May do not blush, that now I know, what you un-
willing what you un-wil-ling, what you unwilling are to
show, it must my fair, it must my fair, it must my
fair, it must be so my fair, in vain you strive
that to deny, wh I so eas'ly can discred, I'm
sure you love as wel as I, you love as wel as
I, as wel as I, as wel as I, you love as well as I.

Cantus secundus.



Nay do not blush that now I know, what you un-
-willing what what you unwilling are to
show, it must be so, it must be so, it must my
fair, it must be so my fair, in vain you strive,
that to deny, that to deny w^{ch} I so easily can dis-
-cry, I'm sure you love as wel as I, you love
as wel as I, as well as I, you love as wel as I.

Bassus.



Nay do not blush that now I know, what you unwilling what you un-
-willing, what you unwilling are to show, my
fair it must be so, it must be so my fair, in vain you
strive, that to deny w^{ch} I so easily can disery, I'm
sure you love as well as I, as well as I, you love
you love as well as I, as wel as I, you love as wel as I.

Cantus primus.

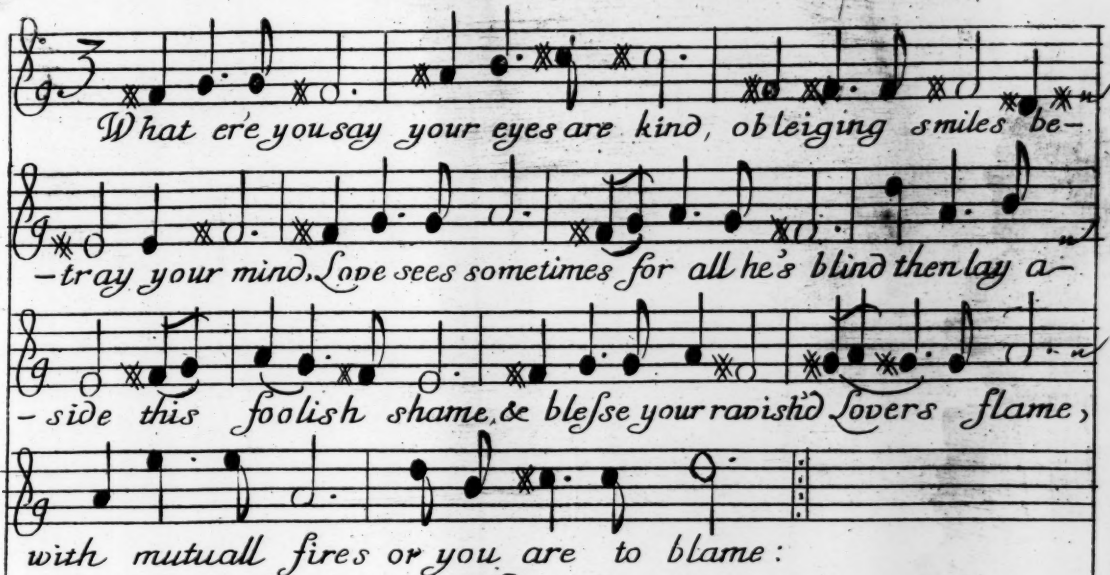
What ere you say your eyes are kind, obligeing smiles betray your
mind, Love see's sometimes for all he's blind. then lay aside this
foolish shame, and bless your ravish'd Lovers flame, wth mutual
fires or you are to blame.

Cantus primus.

How charming are those pleasant pains, w^{ch} the suceessfull
Lover gains, O how the longing spirit flies, on scorching sighes from dying
eyes, whose intermixing rayes impart, Love's a welcome message to my heart.

Cantus secundus.

40



What ere you say your eyes are kind, obligeing smiles be-
-tray your mind, Love sees sometimes for all he's blind then lay a-
-side this foolish shame, & blesse your ravish'd Lovers flame,
with mutuall fires or you are to blame:

Bassus.



What ere you say your eyes are kind, obligeing smiles betray your mind,
Love see's sometimes for all he's blind, then lay aside this foolish shame,
and blesse your ravish'd lovers flame, with mutuall fires or you are to blame.
How charming are those pleasant pains, ^{ch} the successful Lover gains,
Oh how the longing Spirit flies, on scorching sighes from dying eyes,
whose intermixing rayes impart, Love's a welcome message to my heart.
How charming are those pleasant pains, ^{ch} the successfull Lover gains,
Oh how the longing Spirit flies on scorching sighes from dying eyes,
whose intermixing rayes impart, Love's a welcome message to my heart.

Cantus primus.

Thou my Lad that loo'dst Canary, do not think upon Vagary,
 Wee'l embarque on Bacchus fountains, fancying Chaires & Stools for
 Mountaines, round about & round about this Purple Vine, we will
 drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with the glasse no
 further goe; Then let us tipple then let us tipple, like Babes on y^e
 Nipple, like Babes on y^e Nipple, then let us tipple
 then let us tipple like Babes on y^e Nipple, drinking up our Myscadine.

Cantus secundus.

42

Thou my Lad that lov'st Canary, do not think upon Vagary,
 weel embarque on Bacchus fountaines, fancying Chaires & Stools for
 Mountains, round about & round about this purple Vine, we will
 drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with the glasse no
 further goe: Like Babes on the Nipple, then let us tipple, like
 Babes on the Nipple then let us tipple, then let us tipple like Babes only:
 Nipple, then let us - - - drinking up our Muscadine.

Basso
 Thou my Lad that lov'st Canary, do not think v-
 -pon Vagary, weel embarque on Bacchus fountaines, fancying
 Chaires & Stools for Mountains, round about & round about this purple
 Vine, we will drink our Spanish Wine, on the Table we will row, with y-
 glasse no further goe: Then let us tipple like Babes on y^e Nipple, then let us
 tipple like Babes on y^e Nipple, then let - - - then let us
 tipple like Babes on y^e Nipple, then let - - - drinking up our Muscadine

Cantus primus.

By a bold peoples stubborn armes opprest, forc'd to for-
 sake the Land w^{ch} he possesst. Torn from his dearest Sone,
 let him in vain seek help and see, his Friends on-
 justly slain. Let him to base onequall termes sub-
 mit, in hopes to save his Crown, yet loose both it &
 Life at once, untimely let him dye, & on an
 open Stage vnburied lye.

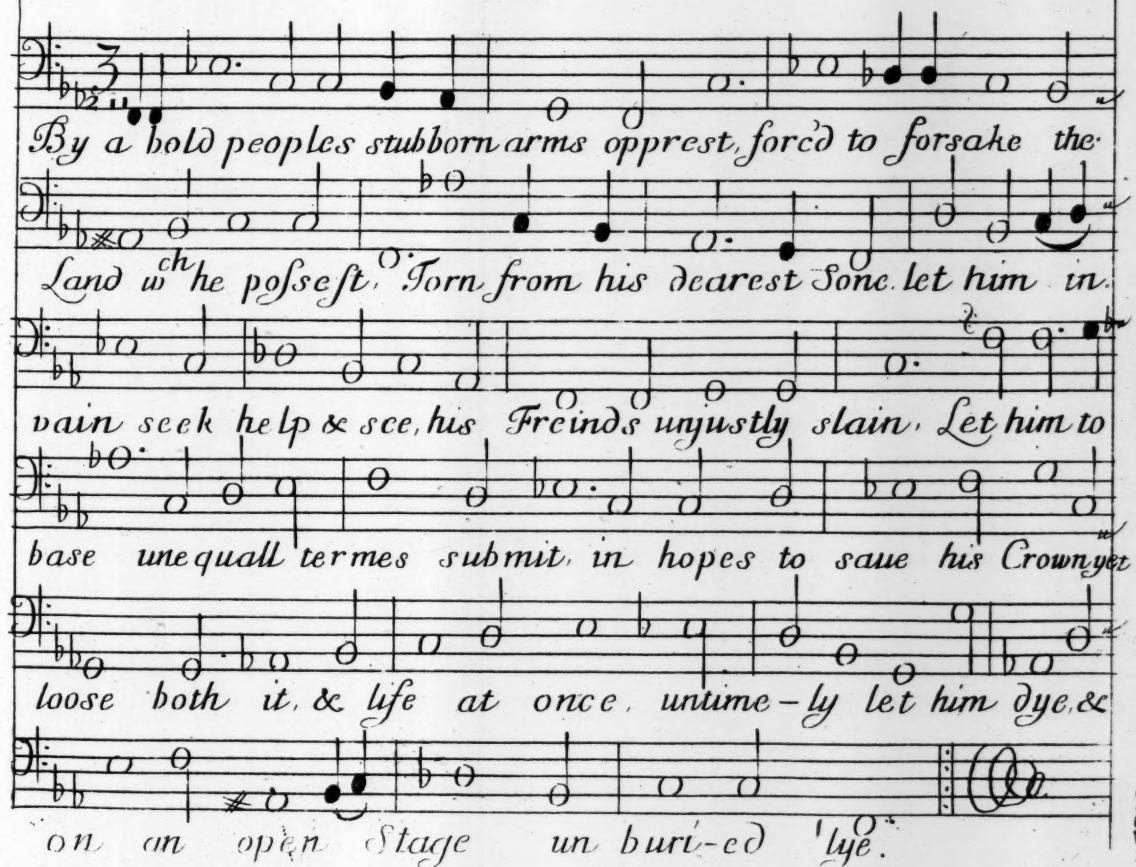
Cantus secundus.

44



By a bold peoples stubborn arms opprest, forc'd to for-
sake the Land w^{ch} he possest, Torn from his dearest Sone.
let him in vain seek help & see, his Freinds unjustly
slain, Let him to base unequall termes sub-mit,
in hopes to save his Crown, yet loose both it & life at
once, untimely let him dye, and on an open
Stage unhuried lye.

Bassus.



By a bold peoples stubborn arms opprest, forc'd to forsake the
Land w^{ch} he possest, Torn from his dearest Sone. let him in
vain seek help & see, his Freinds unjustly slain, Let him to
base unequall termes submit, in hopes to saue his Crown, yet
loose both it, & life at once, untime-ly let him dye, &
on an open Stage un buri-ed 'lye.

Cantus primus.

Sweet Philo-mel, sweet Philomel, the Groves & deserts

haunting, oft glads my Soul, with her melodious Chanting:

But then me thinks shee plea-ses best, when prickt prickt prickt wth thorns

against her brest, shee crys, fie

fie shee crys, fie, fie, fie, fie, as if shee suffer'd wrong,

as if shee suffer'd wrong, til seeming pleas'd,

sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, concludes her Song:


Cantus secundus.

46



Sweet Philomel, sweet Philomel the Groves & desarts
haunting, oft glads my Soul with her melodious chanting,
But then me thinks shee pleases best, when prickt, prickt,
prickt with thorns against her brest, shee crys, fie
fie, shee crys, fie, fie, fie, fie, as if shee sufferd wrong,
as if shee sufferd wrong, as if :: till seeming
pleas'd, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, concludes her Song:

Bassus.



Sweet Philomel, sweet Philomel the Groves & desarts haunting,
oft glads my Soul with her melodious chanting, But then me
thinks shee pleases best, when prickt, prickt, pricktth thorns against her brest,
shee crys, fie, fie, shee crys, fie, fie, fie, fie, as
if shee sufferd wrong, as if shee sufferd wrong, til seeming pleas'd,
sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, concludes her Song.

Cantus primus.

To plough the wide Ocean go we, though the merci-less-

Waves stil shew us our Graves, & the black, black, Tempest surround us:

Though dangers & fear do confound us, let it blow, let it blow, we

care not a feather, for the cold Northwind nor the Rain, weel into the

Main, & fear, & fear, neither Rocks nor the Weather: Let Landmentals

care grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at home, whilst freely

ramble to wealthier shores, & are happy where ever we come:

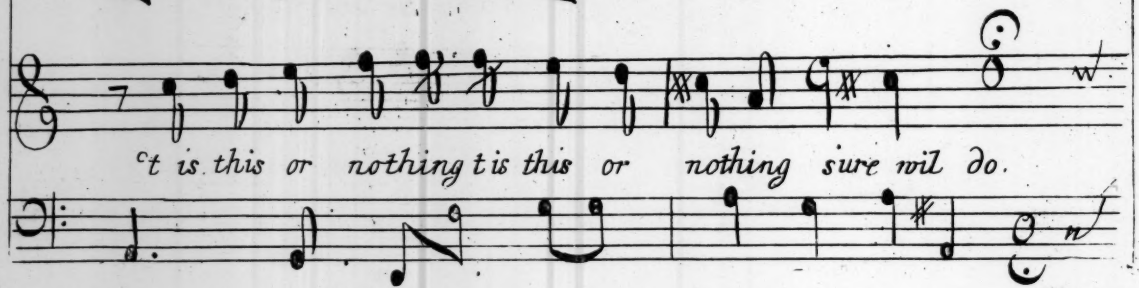
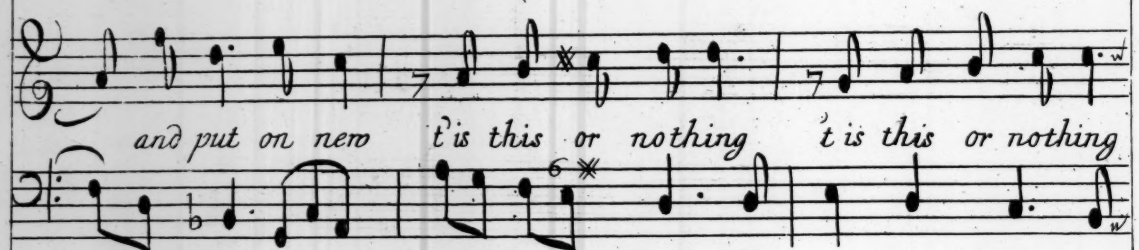
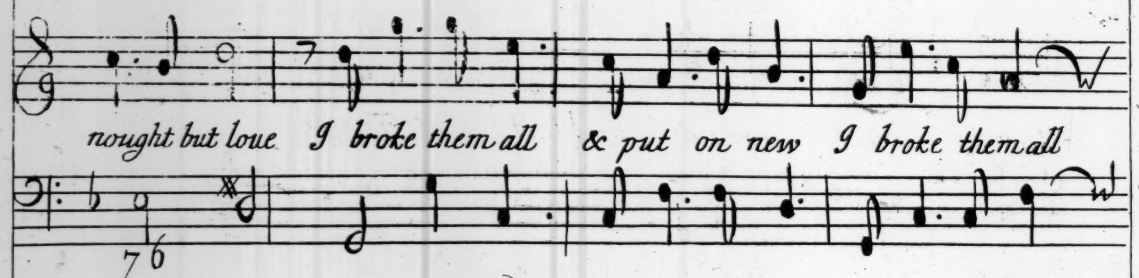
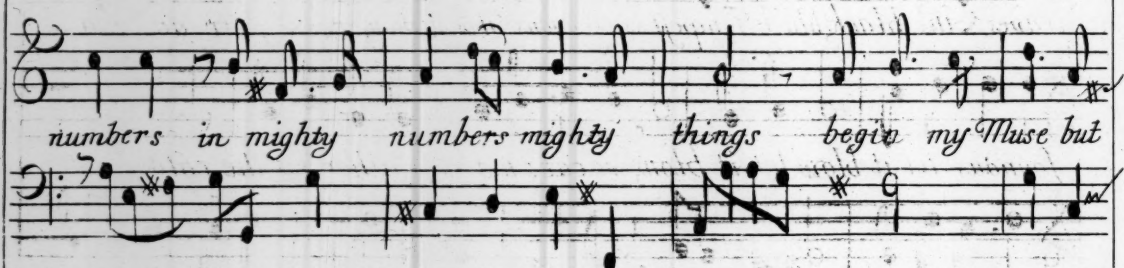
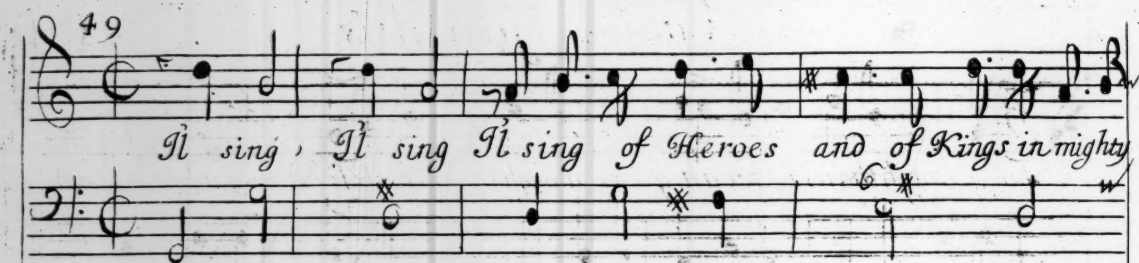
Cantus secundus.

48

To plough the wide Ocean go we, though the merciless Waves shew us our
 graves, & the black, black, Tempest surround us: Though dangers & fear do con-
 found us let it blow, let it blow, we care not a feather for the cold,
 Northwind nor the rain, weel into the Main, & fear & fear neither Rocks nor y
 Weather: Let Landmen take care grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at
 home, whilst freely we ramble to wealthier shores, & are happy where ever we come.

Bassus.

To plough the wide Ocean go we, though the merciless Waves stil
 shew us our Graves and the black, black, Tempest surround us:
 Though dangers & fear do confound us, let it blow let it blow, we
 care not a feather for the cold Northwind nor the rain, weel into the
 Main and fear and fear neither Rocks nor the weather: Let Landmen take
 care, grow wretched & poor, & think themselves happy at home, whilst
 freely we ramble to wealthier shores, & are happy where ever we come.



50

Ile sing, Ile sing, Ile sing, of Heroes and of Kings in mighty
 numbers, in mighty numbers mighty things, begin my Muse but lo, but lo the
 Strings, but lo the Strings to my great Song rebellious prove, the strings will
 sound of nought but loue, of nought but loue, I broke them all, I broke
 them all and put on new, I broke them all and put on new, tis this or
 nothing, tis this or nothing, this or nothing, tis this or nothing sure will do.

Bassus

Ile sing, Ile sing, Ile sing of Heroes and of Kings, in mighty
 numbers, in mighty numbers mighty things, begin my Muse, but lo,
 but lo the strings to my great Song, to my great Song rebellious
 prove, the strings will sound of nought but loue, of nought but loue, I broke
 them all and put on new, I broke them all and put on new, tis this or
 nothing, tis this or nothing, tis this or nothing, tis this or nothing sure will do.

Cantus primus

These sure said I will me obey,

these sure said I, will me obey, these sure He-

roick Notes will play, Heroick notes, Heroick

Notes, Heroick Notes will play: Straight I began wth

Thun — — — — — dring thundring thundring Iove

and all the Im-mor tall powers, Immor tall powers,

Immortall powers but Love

Cantus secundus

52



these sure said I, these sure said I, will me o -
 - bey, will me obey these sure Heroick notes will
 play Heroick notes Heroick notes Heroick notes will
 play straight I began I began with thundringth Thun -
 - - - - - dring Iove and all the Immortall Im -
 - mortall powers Immortall powers but loue but loue Immortall powers but loue.

Bassus



these sure said I, will me obey, will me obey said I,
 will me obey, these sure said I, will me obey, these
 sure Heroick notes will play Heroick notes will play Straight I be -
 - gan I began wth Thun - - - - - dring thundring Iove
 and all the Immortall powers Immortall powers but loue but
 loue Immortall powers Immortall powers - but loue.

Cantus primus

Love smild and from my en - feeble Lyre,
came gentle airs, came gentle airs, such as inspire,
came gentle airs such as inspire, melting Love
mel - - - - - ting Love and soft desire.
Farwell farwell then Heroes farwell Kings, in mighty
numbers mighty things, love tunes my heart
just to my Strings love tunes my heart my heart just just to my strings

Cantus secundus

54



Love smild and from my en - fee bled Lyre
 came gentle airs, such as in-spire inspire gentle aires
 such as in-spire, mel - ting love, - - mel - - - ting
 Love and soft desire: Farwell farwell then Heroes farwell
 Kings, in mighty numbers mighty things, Love tunes my
 heart, just to my strings, love tunes my heart just to my strings:

Bassus



Love smild and from my en - fee bled Lyre, came gentle airs,
 came gentle airs, such as inspire, came gentle airs, such as inspire
 mel - - ting love, meting love love and soft desire:
 Farwell farwell then Heroes farwell Kings, in mighty numbers
 mighty things, Love tunes my heart, just to my Strings
 Love tunes my heart my heart, just, just to my Strings.

Cantus primus.

Gaze not on Swanns on whose soft breast, a full hatch'd beauty seems to nest
 nor Lillies which, no subtile Bee, hath robd with Kissing Chymistry:
 Gaze not on Roses though new blown, grac'dth wth a fresh complexion, nor snow wth
 falling from the skie, hovers in its Virginity: for when my
 Mistress once appears, swanns moultring dye, snow melts to tears,
 Roses do blush & hang their heads, pale Lillies shrink,
 into their bedds, the milkye way rides post to shroud,

Cantus secundus.

56

Gaze not on Swans, on whose soft breast, a full hatchd beauty seems to nest.
 nor Lillies ^{ch}: no subtile Bee, hath robd wth Kissing Chymistry:
 Gaze not on Roses though new blown, grac'd wth a fresh complexion, nor Snow w^{ch}: falling
 from the skie, hovers in its in its Virginity: for when my Mistress
 once appears, Swans moultring dye Snow melts to tears, Roses do blush &
 hang their heads, pale Lillies shrink, in to their bedds, the milky way, rides post to shrow'

Bassus.

Gaze not on Swannes, on whose soft breast, a full hatchd beauty seemes to nest,
 nor Lillies ^{ch}: no subtile Bee, hath robd wth Kissing Chymistry: Gaze not on
 Roses though new blown, grac'd wth a fresh complexion, nor Snow w^{ch}: falling from the
 skie, hovers in its in its Virginity: For when my Mistress once ap-
 -pears Swans moultring dye, snow melts to tears, Roses do blush & hang their heads
 pale Lillies shrink into their bedds the milky way rides post to shroud

Cantus primus.

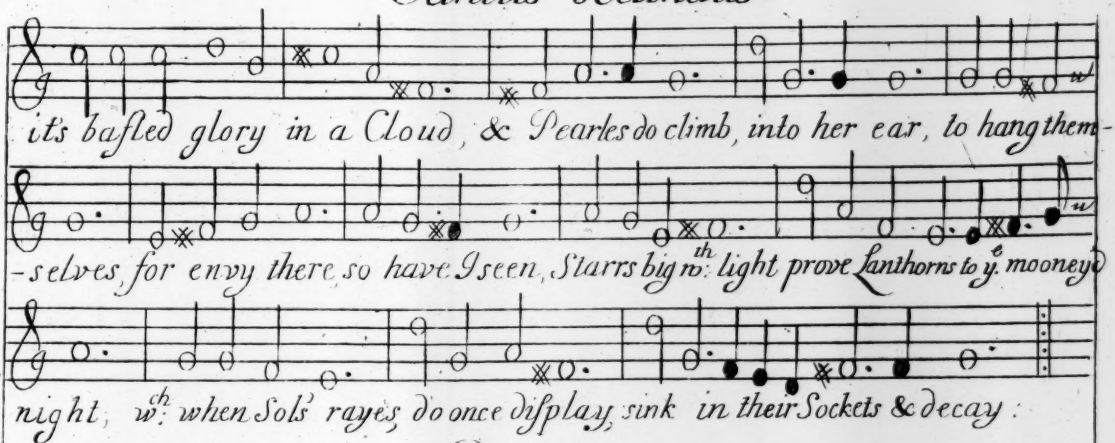
it's basted glory in a Cloud, and Pearles do climb, into her
 ear, to hang themselves, for envy there, so have I seen
 starrs big with light, prove *Santhorns* to the mooney'd night, w^{ch} when Sol's
 rayes, do once display, sink in their sockets & decay:

Cantus primus.

Why lovely Celia should I fear, to tel you that I love, since I no
 other shape can wear, but what you may approve, What fault can you
 with my bright passion find, that must be as Immortall as your mind:

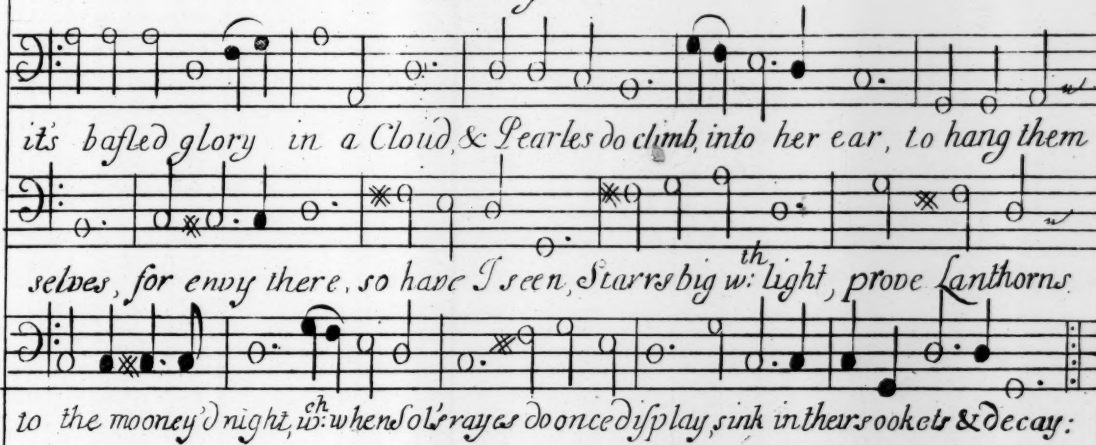
Cantus secundus.

58



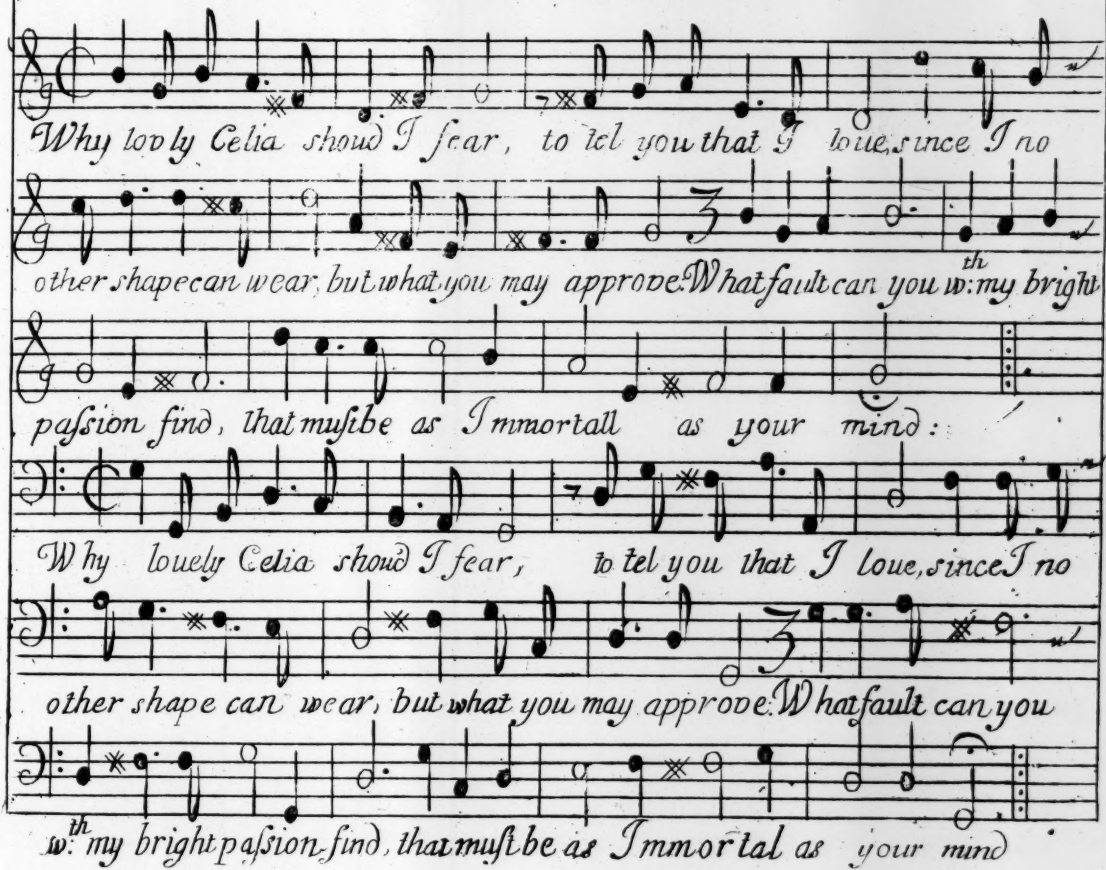
its basted glory in a Cloud, & Pearles do climb, into her ear, to hang them-
 selves, for envy there, so have I seen, Stars big wth light prove Lanthorns to y^e mooney'd
 night, w^{ch} when Sols' rayes, do once display, sink in their Sockets & decay:

Bassus.



its basted glory in a Cloud, & Pearles do climb, into her ear, to hang them
 selves, for envy there, so have I seen, Stars big wth light, prove Lanthorns
 to the mooney'd night, w^{ch} when Sols' rayes do once display, sink in their sockets & decay:

Cantus secundus



Why lovely Celia shoud I fear, to tel you that I loue, since I no
 other shape can wear, but what you may approve. What fault can you wth my bright
 passion find, that must be as Immortall as your mind:
 Why lovely Celia shoud I fear, to tel you that I loue, since I no
 other shape can wear, but what you may approve. What fault can you
 wth my bright passion find, that must be as Immortal as your mind

Cantus primus

E-nough my Muse of earthly things & Inspiration

Inspirations, but of wind, but of Wind take up thy

Lute, take up thy lute & to it bind, loud, loud, loud, & ever-

-lasting strings & on them play, & on them play, & on them, play

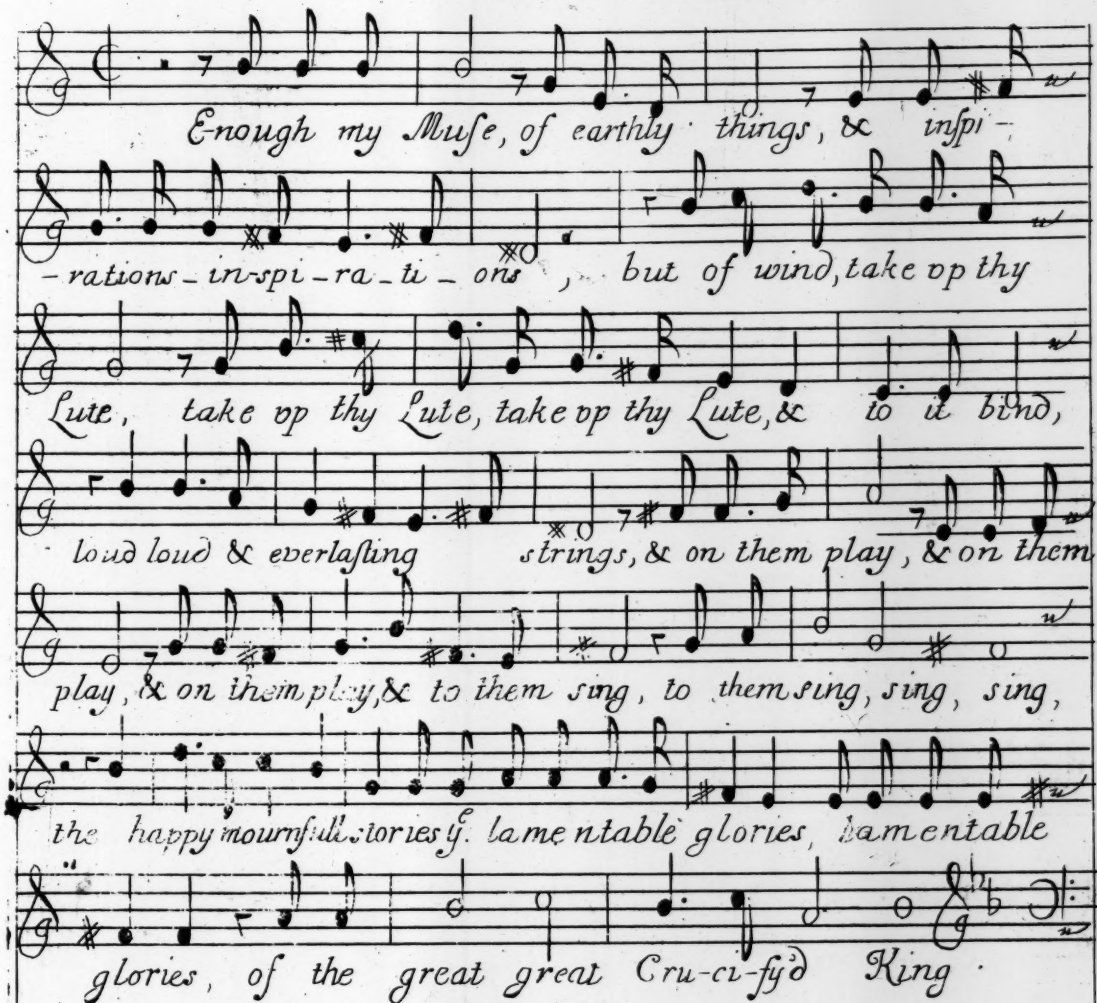
& to them sing, to them sing, sing, sing, the happy mournful

stories, the lamentable glories, lamentable glories, of the

great great Cru - cify'd King:


Cantus secundus.

60



Enough my Muse, of earthly things, & inspi-
 -rations - in-spi-ra-ti-ons, but of wind, take up thy
 Lute, take up thy Lute, take up thy Lute, & to it bind,
 loud loud & everlasting strings, & on them play, & on them
 play, & on them play, & to them sing, to them sing, sing, sing,
 the happy mournfull stories of lamentable glories, lamentable
 glories, of the great great Cru-ci-fy'd King.

Bassus



Enough my Muse, of earthly things, & Inspi-ra-tions-
 Inspira-tions, but of wind, take up thy Lute, take up thy
 Lute, & to it bind, loud loud loud & ever-las-ting strings, & on them
 play & on them play, & to them sing, to them sing, sing
 sing, the happy mournfull stories, the lamentable glories,
 of the great of the great Crucify'd King.

Cantus primus.

Mountainous heapes of wonders thw: doth rise till earth thou joynest to thy

sky's, too large at bottom & at top too high, to be half seen by mortall

eye: How shall I grasp this boundless thing, what shall I play, what shall I

sing: I le sing the mighty riddle of mysterious Love,

thw: neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits above thw: ally: Comments

Comments can express, how all y: whole worlds life, to dye, to dye, did not dis-

dain, to dye did not disdain, to dye, did not disdain, to dye, did not disdain:

Cantus secundus.

62

Mountainous heape^s of wondrousth doth rise til earth thou joynest wth the skie to
large at bottom & at top too high, to be half seen by mortall eye:
How shall I grasp, this boundless thing, what shal I play, what shal I sing:
Ile sing Ile sing the mighty riddle of misterious love^{ch} wth neither
wretched men^{ch} wth neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits above
with all the Comments can explain how all the whole worlds life to dye to dye
did not disdain, did not disdain to dye, did not disdain to dye did not disdain
Mountainous heape^s of wondrous^{ch} doth rise til earth thou joynest wth the skie
too large at bottom and at top too high, too be half seen by mortall eye:
How shal I grasp, this boundless thing, what shal I play, what shal I sing:
Ile sing the mighty riddle of misterious love^{ch} wth neither wretched men below
below nor blessed blessed Spirits above, wth all the Comments all the Comments can
plain how all the whole worlds life y^e whole worlds life, to dye, to dye did not dis-
dain to dye, did not disdaine to dye, did not disdain to dye did not disdaine

Cantus primus.

Good folke good folke for love or heire, but help me to a Cryer,
 but help me to a Cryer, for my poor heart is run- - - astray
 after two eyes that past this Way. Oyes, Oyes, if there be any man in
 Town or Country, can bring me my heart again, can bring me my heart a-
 -gain. I please him for his pain, I please him for his pain, I please him
 for his pain, And by these marks I will you show, that only I this heart do
 owe. and by these marks I will you show, that only I this heart do owe.

Catulus secundus

sive Tenor.

64

Good folke for loue or hire good folke but help me to a Cryer for my poor
heart is run - - - - - a stray, after two eyes that past this
Way, Oyes, O yes, Oyes can bring me my heart again, I'l
please him for his pain, I'l please him for his pain, And by these marks I
will you shew, that only I this heart do owe, and by these
marks I will you shew, that only I this heart do owe.

Bassus.

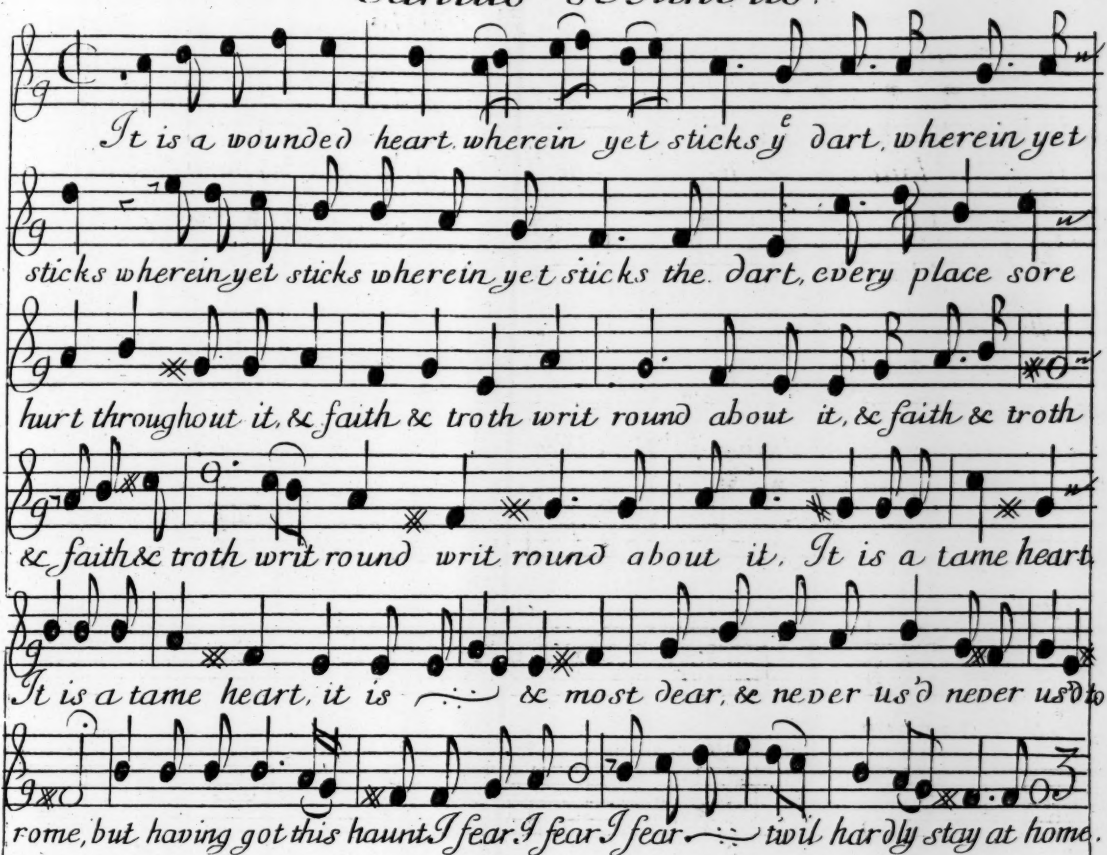
Good folke for love or heire but help me to a Cryer, but help me
to a Cryer, for my poor heart is run - - - - - a stray,
after two eyes that past this Way, O yes, if there be any
man in Town or Country, can bring me my heart again, can bring me my
heart again, I'l please him for his pain, I'l please him for his
pain, I'l please him for his pain, And by these marks I will you shew, that only
I this heart do owe, & by - - - - - that only I this heart do owe.

Cantus primus.

It is a wounded heart, wherein yet sticks the dart, wherein yet
 sticks wherein yet sticks wherein yet sticks the dart, every place sore
 hurt throughout it, & faith & troth writ round about it, & faith &
 troth & faith & troth writ round writ round about it, It is a tame heart.
 it is a tame heart, it is a tame heart, & most dear, & never yf to
 rome, but having got this haunt I fear I fear t' will
 hardly stay at home. Chorus.

Cantus secundus.

66



It is a wounded heart, wherein yet sticks y^e dart, wherein yet
sticks wherein yet sticks wherein yet sticks the dart, every place sore
hurt throughout it, & faith & troth writ round about it, & faith & troth
& faith & troth writ round writ round about it. It is a tame heart
It is a tame heart, it is & most dear, & never us'd never us'd to
rome, but having got this haunt I fear I fear I fear twil hardly stay at home.

Bassus.



It is a wounded heart, wherein yet sticks wherein yet
sticks the dart, wherein yet sticks wherein yet sticks the dart, every
place sore hurt throughout it, & faith & troth writ round about it,
& faith & troth & faith & troth writ round writ round about it,
It is a tame heart it is a tame heart, it is & most
dear, & never us'd never us'd to rome, but having got this
haunt. I fear I fear I fear I fear twil hardly stay at home.

Cantus primus.

loud

Chris. For loues sake walking by the Way, if you my heart do see,

soft

for loues sake walking by the Way, if you my heart do see,

loud

either impound it

soft

loud

or

loud

soft

loud

send it back to me, either impound it either impound it either im-

soft

loud

-pound it either impound it either impound it for a stray, or send it back to

soft

loud

soft

me, either impound it either impound it either impound it

loud

for a stray, or send it back to me.

Handwritten musical score for Cantus primus, page 67. The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. Dynamics include 'loud', 'soft', and 'loud'. The lyrics are: 'Chris. For loues sake walking by the Way, if you my heart do see, for loues sake walking by the Way, if you my heart do see, either impound it or send it back to me, either impound it either impound it either im- pound it either impound it either impound it for a stray, or send it back to me, either impound it either impound it either impound it for a stray, or send it back to me.' The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

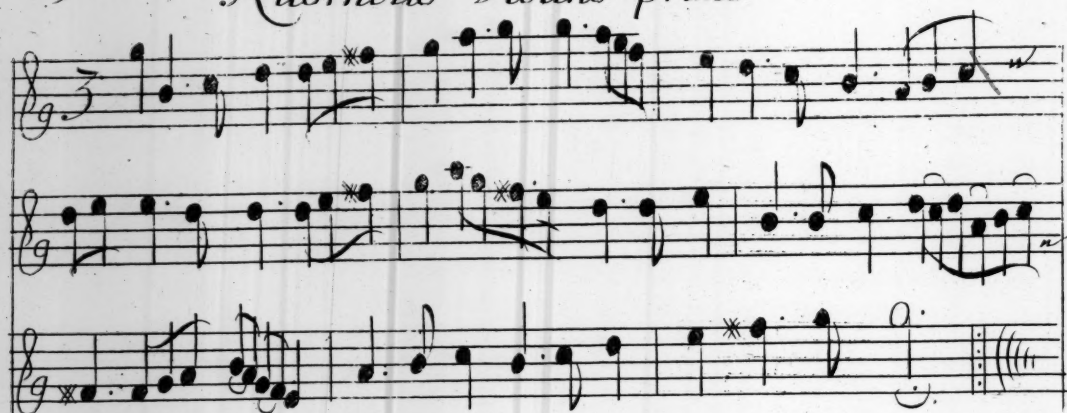
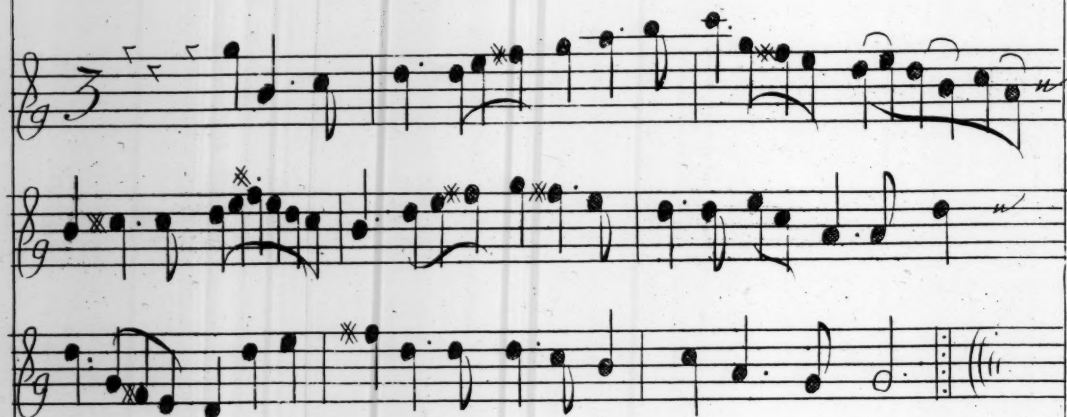
Cantus secundus.

68

loud
For loves sake walking by the way, if you my heart do see,
soft
for loves sake
soft
either impound it, or send it back to me, either im-
loud
-pound it *soft* either *soft* either impound it either im-
soft
-pound it for a stray, or send it back to me, either impound it, either im-
soft
-pound it either *soft* for a stray or send it back to me:

Bassus.

loud
For love sake walking by the way if you my heart do see,
soft
for love's sake walking by the way if you my heart do see,
either impound it for a stray or send it
loud *soft* *loud*
back to me, either impound it either *soft* either im-
soft *loud*
-pound it either *soft* either impound it for a stray or
send it back to me, either impound it either *soft*
soft *loud*
either impound it for a stray or send it back to me:

Ritornello Violino primo.*Ritornello Violino secundo.**Cantus primus.*

Come forth come forth bright Nymphs & jol - - - ly Swains

whilst y pleasant time invites, whilst y pleasant time invites, come forth & in y

sweet and in the sweet embroidred plains.

Ritornello Basso Violono.

70



Bassus Continuus.



Cantus secundus.



Sweet & in the sweet & in the sweet embroidred plains.

Cantus primus.

Tread light & ayrie Rounds, tread light & ayrie Round, inventing

new delights: Ritornello ut supra Sweet Verse sweet Verse wth Harmo-
repetatur

- my combin'd combin'd our senses unto Mirth alarms, alarms alarms

and sweet wth Penns & the Graces joynd: Inspire inspire delight &

Joy inspire delight & Joy pouring forth all their

Charmes, pouring forth all their Charmes

their Charmes their Charmes their Charmes. Ritornello ut supra

Cantus secundus.

72

Tread light & ayrie Rounds, Tread light & ayrie Rounds in
Returnello ut supra
-venting new delights: Sweet Verse
sweet Verse with Harmony combin'd, our senses unto Mirth a-
-larms, alarms, alarms, alarms & sweet with Venus & the Graces
joynd: Inspire inspire delight & Joy, inspire inspire
Joy, powring forth all their Charmes, powring
Returnello ut supra
their Charmes, their Charmes their Charmes:

Bassus.

Tread light & ayrie Rounds, tread inventing new delights.
Returnello ut supra
Sweet Verse sweet Verse with Harmony wth Harmony com-
-bind, our Senses unto Mirth alarms, alarms alarms & sweet wth
Venus & the Graces joynd: Inspire inspire delight & Joy, delight &
Joy inspire inspire delight & Joy powring forth all their Charmes
Returnello ut supra
powring forth all their Charmes, their Charmes their Charmes their Charmes.

Cantus primus.

Chorus.

Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, having your
temples crown'd crown'd with fair Chaplets fresh &
gay, sing dance & play, sing dance & play,
whilst the neighbouring Woods resound, your feast your feasting
Melody still keeping Holy day.

The musical score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The first system is a prelude for the chorus, marked with a '3' and a treble clef. The subsequent systems contain the vocal melody and a basso continuo line. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final cadence.

Chorus

Cantus secundus.

Violino secundo.

The musical notation for the Chorus Cantus secundus consists of four staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second and third staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a flowing, melodic style with various note values and rests.

Cantus secundus.

*Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, having your temples
crown'd crown'd with fair Chaplets fresh & gay; sing dance & play,
sing dance & play, whilst the neighbouring woods resound,
your feast your feasting Melody, still keeping Holy-day.*

The musical notation for the Chorus Cantus secundus consists of four staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second and third staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a flowing, melodic style with various note values and rests.

Bassus.

*Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, having your
temples crown'd crown'd with fair Chaplets fresh & gay,
Sing dance & play, sing dance & play, whilst the
neighbouring woods re-sound, your feast your feasting
Melody, still kee-ping Holy day.*

The musical notation for the Bassus part consists of four staves. The first staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second and third staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a flowing, melodic style with various note values and rests.

Cantus primus.

Great good & just could I but rate, my greif my greif & thy to rigid fate,
 I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain, that it should deluge once again,
 But since thy loud long'd blood demands supplies, more from Briareus
 hands then Argus eyes. I sing I sing thine obsequies with Trumpets, with
 Trum - - - pets with Trum - - - pets sound, with
 Trum - - - pets sound, th Trumpets sound, And write thine Epitaph & write thine Epitaph
 & write in blood & wounds, & write thine Epitaph in blood & wounds,

Cantus secundus.

76

Great good & just, could I but rate my greif my greif & thy to rigid fate,
 I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain, that it should deluge once again.
 But since thy loud tong'd blood demandes supplies, more from Briareus
 hands then Argus eyes, I'll sing I'll sing thine obsequies with Trumpets wth Trum-
 pets wth Trum- - - pets sound with Trum- - - pets sound
 with Trumpets sound. And write thine Epitaph & write - - - & write thine
 Epitaph, in blood & wounds, & write thine Epitaph in blood & wounds.

Bassus

Great good & just, could I but rate my greif my greif & thy to
 rigid fate, I'd weep I'd weep the world to such a strain, that it should deluge on-
 ce again. But since thy loud tong'd blood demandes supplies, demandes supplies,
 more from Briareus hands then Argus eyes: I'll sing I'll sing thine obsequies with
 Trumpets with Trumpets wth wth wth trumpets wth Trum- - - pets sound with
 Trum- - - pets sound wth Trumpets sound, & write thine Epitaph & write
 & write - - - thine Epitaph in blood & wounds, & writ - - - in blood & wound.

Mourn all yee Groves in blacker shades be seen, let Groans be heard

where gentle Winds have been, yee Dorion Rivers weep the Fountains dry,

and all yee Plants your moisture spend & dye: yee melancholly flowers y'

were once men, lament lament, untill yee be transformd again, let every

Rose pale as the Lilly be, & Autumn damp seize on th' Anemiony.

But thou o Hyacinth, more vigorous grow, thy mournfull Letters in sad Glory

show, enlarge thy greife, and flourish in thy woe, for Bion the beloved Bion's

Cantus.

78

Chorus

dead his Voyce is gone, his tunefull Breath is fled. Come all yee Muses come,

Chorus

come adorn your shepherds Herse, wth never dying Musick wth never

never dying Verse, wth never never dying Verse: Come all yee Mu-

ses, come, adorn your Shepherds Herse, wth never dying Musick never dying Verse.

Cantus secundus Chorus.

Chorus

Come all yee Muses come, come adorn your Shepherds

Herse, with never dying Musick, with never dying Musick,

never dying Verse, with never dy-ing Musick, never

dying Verse, Come all yee Muses come, adorn your Shepherds

Herse, with never dying Musick, never dying Verse.

Cantus.

What Quarrell in your drink my friends you abuse glasses &
Wine made for a better use, 'tis a dutch trick, fie, let your braiding
cease, & from your Wine & Olives learn both Mirth & peace:
your swords drawn in a Tavern, where the hand that holds them shakes
& he that fights can't stand Sheath them for shame, embrace, kiss soa-
-way, sit down again and ply y^e business of the day, But I'll not
drink unless my friend declares, who is his Mistress & whose Wounds he wears.

Bassus.

80

What Quarrell in your drink my Friends, you abuse glasses &
Wine made for a bet-ter use, 'tis a dutch trick fie,
'tis a dutch trick fie, let your braw-ling cease, & from your
Wine and Olives learn both Mirth & peace, your swords
drawn in a Tavern, where the hand that holds them shakes,
and he that fights can't stand, sheath them for shame, em-
brace, kiss, so away, sit down a-
gain & ply the busi-ness of the day, But I'll not
drink un-less my Friend declares, who is his
Mistress and whose wounds he weares.

Cantus.

Whence comes y^e glance from what sweet killing eye, that sinks his hopes so
 low & mounts his Muse so high. Wilt thou not, tell Tom Drawer what's to
 pay, if you're reserv'd Il' neither drink nor stay, or let me goe, or out wit, she
 she must be worth naming sure, whose fate it was to Conquer to Conquer thee
 Speak softly she, forbid it powers above, unhappy Youth unhappy Youth
 unhappy in thy love. O how I pittie thy eternall pain, thou never canst yet
 loose, thou never canst obtain, let's talk no more of love my friends, let's drink again.

Bassus.

82

Whence comes the Glance, from what sweet killing eye, that sinks his
hopes so low, and mounts his Muse so high; Wilt thou not
tell Tom Drawer, what's to pay. if your'e reserv'd I'll neither
drink nor stay, or let me go, or out wit, she must
be or out wit, she must be, worth naming sure, whose fate it
was, whose fate it was, to Conquer to Conquer thee.
Speak softly, she, forbid it Powers above, unhappy
youth unhappy youth unhappy in thy love, O how I pity
thy eter-nall pain, thou never canst yet loose, thou never never canst
obtain. Lets talk no more no more of love my friends, my friends lets drink again.

Cantus primus.

Chorus. *Speak softly she? forbid it Powers above, Unhappy youth unhappy*
youth unhappy in thy Love. O how I pitty, O how I pitty
thy eternall pain! thou never canst yet loose, thou never canst obtain
Let's talk no more of love, let's talk no more of love my Friends, let's talk no
more of love my Friends, my Friends; let's drink again. Finis.

Tabula.

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<i>Ah Celia.</i>	7	<i>Underneath this Myrtle.</i>	21
<i>Adieu my Cornelia.</i>	5	<i>Cast Clarissa.</i>	33
<i>All my past life.</i>	9	<i>Thou art so fair.</i>	25
<i>Morpheus.</i>	11	<i>Give me leave.</i>	31
<i>Stay shepherd.</i>	15	<i>So now the Joyfull.</i>	35
<i>Long have I sought.</i>	13	<i>Nay do not blush.</i>	37

Cantus secundus.

Chorus. Speak softly, she forbid it Powers above, unhappy youth, unhappy youth, unhappy in thy Love. O how I pitty
 O how I pitty thy eternall pain, thou never canst yet loose,
 thou never canst obtain. Let's talk no more of love, let's talk no
 more of love, let's of love my Friends, my Friends,
 my Friends, let's drink again.

Bassus

Chorus. Speak softly, she forbid it Powers above, unhappy youth, unhappy youth, unhappy in thy Love. O how I pitty thy eternall pain! O how I
 pitty thy eternall pain! thou never never canst yet loose, thou never canst obtain.
 thou never canst obtain Let's talk no more let's of love, let's talk no more of
 love my Friends, of love my Friends, my Friends, let's drink again. Finis.

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